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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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The New Statesman and Nation—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

IN trying to balance the French budget by placing the burden on shoulders least able to bear it, M. Reynaud, the new Finance Minister, has far outdone Mr. Snowden's achievement in 1931. Indirect taxation is to be screwed up to yield an additional £25 millions, and a further £24 millions is to be obtained from increased direct taxes—notably from a flat 2 per cent. levy on earnings, irrespective of income level. Metro and omnibus fares in Paris are to be scaled up. The whole of the present public works programme is to be scrapped, at a saving of £16 millions; and expenditure is to be reduced by a further £12 millions through dismissal of 40,000 railwaymen and kindred economies. Finally, the 40-hour week is to undergo a fresh "modification" tantamount to its abolition, with meagre overtime rates for extra hours worked. Having written up the book value of the gold holding of the Bank of France to correspond to a franc-sterling exchange rate of 170, M. Reynaud applies the profit to clearing up the Treasury's overdraft with the Bank and to providing himself with enough cash to obviate further borrowing for some time ahead. With the budget balanced—except for £140 millions to be borrowed for special rearmament needs—the Finance Minister claims that he has given confidence a chance to reassert itself and produce the economic recovery essential if France is not to become a second-rate Power. His scheme will fail, and deserves to fail. Deflationary in its probable influence on business, it is socially too unjust to elicit any united national effort.

The Mantle of Ataturk

In the death of President Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, the Turkish nation has lost not merely a soldier-dictator of remarkable dynamic personal qualities, but a statesman who could fairly claim to be the architect of his country's post-war reconstruction. When the victor in the 1919 war with Greece is forgotten, the builder of roads and railways, the moderniser of the whole of Ottoman Turkish social life will be remembered. His mantle falls on General Ismet Ineunu, who seems likely to wear it with a difference—at least so far as Turkey's foreign relations are concerned. As Premier almost uninterruptedly from 1925 to 1937, the new President shared Kemal Ataturk's view that Turkey's future lay in the economic development of Anatolia and in the maintenance of friendship with her Eastern neighbours. But his sentiments towards Russia were always hostile; he disliked the *rapprochement* between Turkey and the U.S.S.R. which Ataturk brought about, and differences of opinion on that issue were responsible for his enforced resignation from office just over a year ago. His prompt change of Foreign Ministers on his election to the Presidency is suggestive of a reorientation of policy.

King Carol's Visit

The State visit to England of King Carol may provide some answer to the question how far the British Government is willing or able to apply checks to the advance of Germany's influence down the Danube. With her important oil-fields and wheat lands, Rumania is a tempting prey, and the large Magyar minority in Transylvania renders her vulnerable if Hungary, at Hitler's instance, makes further demands for the "rectification" of frontiers. Whatever may be said against the system of personal autocracy which he has established, King Carol is beyond doubt a patriot in the sense that he does not desire to see his country reduced to a condition of vassalage to the Reich, whose dominance over Rumania's foreign trade is already a political factor. Its effect was illustrated by Rumania's refusal to support the Polish plan, which Germany opposed, for the complete liquidation of Ruthenia and the establishment of a common frontier between Poland and Hungary. King Carol's object in coming to London is manifestly to inquire how far he can count on economic support from Britain as an alternative to complete attachment to the Axis. It would be perhaps too cynical to say that he is putting Rumania up for sale by auction, but he certainly wants to learn whether Britain is prepared to make a bid—in the form of armament credits or larger wheat purchases—to strengthen the one buffer between the *Drang nach Osten* and the Black Sea.

Arab Dissensions

The Mufti, the exiled ringleader of the Palestine rebellion, has given his blessing to the Government's proposal for a Conference in London. Whether he really believes, as he is reported to have said, that a roundtable meeting of Arabs and Jews will help to end the conflict in Palestine, we are not sure. But his approval of the project at least removes one set of doubts. It is not clear from his statement whether he counts on being one of the Arab representatives. Presumably he does, though the British Government has "reserved the right to refuse to receive those leaders whom it regards as responsible for the campaign of assassination and violence"—and there is no question that he heads the list in that category. But the Mufti's right to represent the Palestine Arabs is strongly challenged by his own countrymen. Fakhri Bey Nashashibi has written in the name of the National Defence Party to the High Commissioner, denouncing the Mufti's pretensions as well as his methods. This division in the Arab people is, of course, nothing new; the National Defence Party has long been at loggerheads with the Mufti, and many of its members have been the victims of the terrorists. But if Fakhri Bey is really speaking, as he claims to be, for 75 per cent. of the Arabs in Palestine, his move may be of some importance—though it may not simplify the task of the Conference.

The Victims of Fascism

No effort of private humanitarianism can cope with the appalling results of Nazi persecution. But there is much that individuals can do to relieve suffering in Central Europe. The Germany Emergency Committee (which has instituted a special fund at Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1) is finding openings in many countries for emigration, providing training in agricultural work and trade for those who are waiting for such openings and offering for temporary care of their children. The immediate refugee problem in Czechoslovakia is also of a scale which is within the scope of individual help. There are to-day in Czechoslovakia about 3,500 refugees from the Sudeten areas and a similar number of refugees from the Reich. There is now good reason to hope that a large proportion of these refugees can find permanent homes in the British Dominions and elsewhere in the course of the coming year: in the meantime it is imperative that they should be got out of Czechoslovakia as soon as possible. Some have already reached this country, and offers of hospitality and help are urgently needed. Those who are ready to aid in these ways should write to The British Committee for Refugees from Czechoslovakia, 5 Mecklenburgh Square, London, W.C.1.

Cuts in the Social Services

Mr. Elliot was forced once again in the Debate last Monday to explain away his burst of honesty about the social services. But the House of Commons was probably as little convinced as the electors of Dartford. The truth is that a Government, animinated by Mr. Chamberlain's financial orthodoxy, cannot take the monetary steps which would make a simultaneous development of the social services and of rearmament possible. Whatever the Minister of Health may say the Board of Education's circular postponing the final date upon which grant is payable for the construction of secondary schools amounts in practice to a cut. Local authorities will inevitably be tempted to "keep the rates down" by slowing up their building programmes, if they are encouraged by Whitehall to do so. Already one county council to our knowledge has a recommendation before it that in view of this increase of the rearmament programme the programme of capital expenditure should be radically scaled down. And this precedent will be followed in hundreds of councils when their finance committees come to draw up their budgets next spring.

The Cancer Bill

On one important service, we are glad to know, the Government is preparing to spend rather than to save, even though the expenditure be but a bagatelle. Measures to improve the treatment of cancer are long overdue. At the present time in this country, more than 66,000 deaths per annum are due to cancer; last year the total was 66,991, a rise of 637 over the previous year. These figures, as Mr. Elliot said in the Debate, are indeed a blot on our public health service, for only about a quarter of the cases that might benefit by treatment are receiving effective treatment on modern lines. The Bill which is to be introduced before Christmas aims at making these modern methods available to all who suffer from, or are in fear of, cancer. Prevention and accurate diagnosis, which are obviously of the first importance, must depend largely on the work of the great research organisations—and that work, Mr. Elliot is assured, will not only continue but be increased. As regards treatment, money is to be provided to enable the National Radium Trust to acquire more radium. And it is satisfactory to hear that in this matter the Government has taken steps to avoid any danger of profiteering.

Airways

At the meeting of Imperial Airways this week Sir John Reith strongly defended the Government's decision to amalgamate Imperial and British Airways into a single corporation, under public control. We agree with him that wherever a vital service is to receive subsidies at the expense of the taxpayers or consumers, it ought to be taken out of the profit-system, and operated as a public concern. In reply to a shareholder, Sir John went on to say that Imperial Airways was not being "taken over by the Government," but formed into a public corporation, "similar to others existing." Yes, but to which others? To the L.P.T.B., with its fantastic provisions for "appointing trustees" and so on, or to the B.B.C., whose passive relations to the State no man can understand, or to the C.E.B., for which the Minister of Transport has, at any rate, an intelligible responsibility? The vital point is that, however much autonomy the new corporation may be given in its detailed working, it shall in matters of policy be firmly under State control. This indeed seems to be implied in the intention to finance it by public-raised capital, backed by a Treasury guarantee. As for compensation to the shareholders, let it be reasonable; but there is no case for compensating them for the subsidies which they might have hoped to receive if the companies had not been taken over.

The Land—Three Policies

The debate on agricultural policy this week brought out very clearly the conflict of views which exists between the Government and its Labour and agrarian critics. The Government believes in a piecemeal policy of taking each case as it becomes too urgent to be ignored, and thinking out an expedient for dealing with it. The agrarians want an all-round policy of subsidies and tariffs designed to increase food production by raising the profits of agriculture. The Labour Party emphasises the under-capitalised condition of agriculture, and demands land nationalisation as the prerequisite of national help in improving the land and its use by extensive capital expenditure. The case against the first of these policies is that it makes impossible any coherent planning for the future, and at most merely checks the rate of decline in the population on the land. The case against the second policy is that it involves putting huge sums into the pockets of landlords, and means that the public as taxpayers or as consumers must pay through the nose for any increase in production which it achieves. The third policy, on the assumption of reasonable compensation, promises both to achieve a planned advance in output, and to give the public, rather than the landowners, the claim to any residuary benefit after farmers and labourers have been enabled to make a decent living. It is undeniable that increased food production requires very heavy capital investment in the land; but to achieve this by bribing the landlords and investors involves much too high a cost.

Paid Holidays and the Railways

The railway companies are apparently disappointed—as are the seaside lodging-house keepers—that their traffic receipts have not risen with the extension of the system of paid holidays. From France it has been reported that the general introduction of holiday payments has produced a very large effect in filling up the seaside resorts; but here the railways complain that the effect has been negligible or even negative. The negative aspect is that many firms, on introducing paid holidays, have given up the free seaside outings which they were accustomed to provide for their employees, and have thus deprived the railways and seaside places of entertainment of a certain anticipated revenue. This would have been more than offset if most of the four million persons who now receive holiday payments under collective agreements, new or old, had in fact spent the money in going away; but the majority of them appear in fact to have stopped at home, and spent the money either on local entertainments or on the ordinary expenses of living. This is not really surprising; for many of the payments made—to the miners, for example—are at present much too small to meet the cost of even the most modest holiday from home. In the light of this year's experience, the talk about the necessity for "staggering" holidays in order to avoid congestion seems for the most part to be premature. The problem will become real on any large scale only when holiday payments become big enough to enable the worse-paid workers, who need them most, to get away for a change.

A First-class Bill

The Government's Criminal Justice Bill is an excellent measure of reform, whose details we must examine on another occasion. It sets out to abolish imprisonment as a method of punishing young offenders for all minor offences; and proposes to set up several types of institution where they can be kept under medical observation, if necessary, and where for certain types of offence they may be controlled by being made to attend and work in their leisure time, instead of losing their jobs and incurring the permanent disgrace of imprisonment. One of the most important provisions is the decision to set up remand homes for "problem" cases amongst children and young persons under seventeen. Much more open to question is the new power it is proposed to give to local justices to inflict Borstal sentences for small offences. This part of the Bill will have to be very carefully examined. Corporal punishment is to be totally abolished as part of a penal sentence; it may only be inflicted, as it rarely is to-day, for attacks on warders in prison. The Bill wisely proposes to abolish the now largely nominal differences between penal servitude and other forms of imprisonment; we shall need assurance, however, that the diet of all prisoners is to be raised to the convict standard and not the convict's rations lowered to that of the ordinary short-term prisoner. Preventive detention as an addition to a long term of penal servitude is to be abolished; while the institution of preventive detention as an alternative sentence, taking the place of penal servitude in the case of some habitual offenders, is probably a step in the right direction. So are the new regulations for dealing with mental cases—more especially the provision to make it possible for a Court to obtain a medical report without keeping the accused person in prison on remand while this is done. This is an unusual and most carefully thought-out Bill—the joint product of enlightened ideas and administrative experience.

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NAZIS AND JEWS

IT is long since the record of any great nation has been stained by a crime on so vast a scale, and carried out with such a mixture of brutality and ingenuity, as the latest persecution of the Jews in Germany. No excuse for it can be found in the murder committed by the demented youth in Paris. "The arguments of tyranny," said Burke, "are as contemptible as its force is dreadful"; and nobody believes Dr. Goebbels' pretence that the mob terrorism and the orgy of smashing and burning in Berlin and other great cities last Thursday were a "spontaneous outburst of indignation" on the part of the German people. The evidence goes to show that the outrages had been carefully prepared with the connivance of the authorities. The great mass of the German public were no party to them, and are indeed, according to reports from all quarters, aghast at the savagery that has been let loose. Nor was the "mob" itself uncontrollable; Dr. Goebbels could call it off when he chose. When he did call it off, after enough wrecking had been done to suit his plans, it was not to vindicate the law, to protect the victims of the fury, and to punish the guilty. The punishment was reserved for the innocent. Within a few hours a council of Ministers met and issued a series of ferocious decrees against German Jewry, coupled with threats of worse to follow. To call the behaviour of the Nazi Government barbarism is a misnomer; it is sophisticated devilry.

This first batch of decrees includes a colossal fine of a thousand million marks on the Jewish community—as a reprisal for the act of the obscure Polish boy in France. It imposes on the Berlin Jews—or on a handful of the wealthiest of them—the charge of repairing the damage done to their property, most of which when it has been repaired will be transferred to Aryan proprietors. It institutes a wholesale exclusion, as from January next, of Jews from trades and commerce and independent handicrafts, and in effect deprives the bulk of them from getting a livelihood by any other means than begging or taking in each others' washing. "They can live on their investments," says Dr. Goebbels, with diabolical irony. The position, we are told, is that the total wealth of the Jews in the Reich is officially estimated at 8,000,000,000 marks. But this is a paper figure. Actually their liquid assets do not amount to much more than the 1,000,000,000 fine that is to be extorted from them. If more can be realised, means will doubtless be found to see that it goes to the State and not to the Jews. Jews are also excluded from theatres, cinemas and other places of entertainment (except such as are run by their own cultural organisation) and, by another order, from all the State schools and the universities. Among the minor indignities imposed on them are special yellow seats in the parks, and a scheme for providing separate railway compartments "for Jews only" is said to be under consideration. They are spared the last infamy of the Ghetto; but that perhaps is a doubtful blessing for many, since they will be left at large at the mercy of any further outbreaks of hooliganism. Meanwhile thousands have been arrested and put into concentration camps, and some, according to the reports that are coming through, have already been "executed." Of those who are in possession of their freedom, many are in an appalling state of distress, some still wandering in the woods, others hiding with friends, or trying to buy or beg food and drink, which numbers of shops refuse to let them have. Some might escape from the country—if they were allowed to—and many indeed have tried, but the restrictions have made it practically impossible. The Nazi policy apparently is, at the moment at least, to keep the whole host of victims to be bled white, and slowly—or maybe quickly—starved to death.

The effect of this crime on opinion abroad has been instantaneous and profound. Throughout the civilised world it has aroused horror, anger and a storm of protests. President Roosevelt has expressed himself in remarkably plain words for the head of a State. The American ambassador has been called home from Berlin for consultation with his Government; it is believed that he may not return, and even that diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany may be broken off. In this country Mr. Chamberlain's hopes of amicable arrangements with his new friend, Herr Hitler, and of a general appeasement based on justice to minorities and other admirable ideals, have received a severe setback. And the number of those (of whom the Prime Minister may or may not have been one) who thought that the Nazis would be propitiated by a present of a few colonies, has come down with a run in these last few days. Whether the Nazi Government, when they launched their attack on the Jews, foresaw all this, we do not know. Very likely they did not, for the Germans are not always good judges of other peoples' psychology. On the other hand, they may have decided that circumstances at home called for a spectacular demonstration of their power and for a whipping up of popular passion—and "damn the consequences" abroad. In any case they have not been able to ignore the consequences. Their press has been in full blast against the foreign friends of the Jews and against this country in particular. Last week one paper was coolly suggesting that Messrs. Churchill and Eden and Duff Cooper and Attlee had instigated the assassination of Herr vom Rath—a fantastic and scandalous lie which has driven the British Government to an official protest. By Tuesday press and wireless had warmed up to the task of abusing the plaintiff's attorney, and were painting highly coloured pictures of the iniquities of British imperialism—of "inhuman methods" and "bloody terror" in India or in Palestine, which are contrasted with the "humanitarianism" of the Germans, who do not "harm the hair of a single Jew's head," but merely "exclude them from the economic and cultural life of the country." One bolder paper, however, is not content to stop at that point; it proclaims that the next crime by a Jew against a German will be punished by taking not an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but a thousand eyes for one eye and a thousand teeth for one tooth.

The problem that now faces the world is how to rescue the Jews of Germany from their oppressors. That means, of course, how to get them out of Germany, and where to put them. Though at present the Nazis are preventing their escape, they would presumably offer no serious objections to international schemes which would, at other people's expense, rid them of their pariahs. The real difficulty is to find homes for so many myriads of refugees. It is easy to say "Palestine." But even in the most favourable circumstances Palestine could only absorb a fraction—and that gradually—of the German

Jews. And at this juncture the circumstances are highly unfavourable. Unless the coming Conference in London produces a miracle, it will be impossible to open the doors of Palestine to any larger body of Jewish immigrants in the near future. It is easy again to point to "great empty spaces" in other parts of the world; but many of them, if they were available for settlement, would be obviously unsuitable, without immense preparation, for an almost entirely urban people from Northern Europe. Much however can be done, as we have learnt in Palestine, to make agriculturists of many of the younger Jews; and if instead of starting with a search for new homes in particular lands, the first step is to announce the existence of a large sum of money available for Jewish settlement, we may even find countries competing for the opportunity.

But the first necessity is to get an agreement among the countries that are ready to take their part in the work of rescue. None, as the Evian Conference showed, has hitherto been very helpful about the admission of refugees in bulk. All have excused themselves on one ground or another. But the present emergency is too serious to be trifled with, and every civilised State is called on to do what it can. The Prime Minister told the House of Commons on Tuesday that the International Refugee Commission (the sequel of Evian) is bestirring itself. The Dutch Government, too, have made overtures to Great Britain, France, Denmark, Belgium and Switzerland, and there can be no doubt of America's attitude. It is clearly to the United States and the British Empire—the Colonies and the Dominions—that the Jews must look, above all, for their asylum. We hope they will not look in vain, or for long. In the present temper of the Nazis, delay may mean an even more horrible fate for their victims.

INDEPENDENT PROGRESSIVE

Now that the contests at Oxford and Bridgwater are over it is possible to take stock of the political situation of which they were a symptom. In both cases the anti-Government candidate fought the seat under the label "Independent Progressive," and in both he had to rely mainly on a bringing together of the Labour and Liberal voters, plus such Conservatives and non-party voters as disapproved enough of Mr. Chamberlain's policy to rally behind an anti-Government candidate. But beyond this the two elections were not quite analogous. Mr. Lindsay has been for many years a member of the Labour Party, whereas Mr. Bartlett is a Liberal. At Oxford the Labour vote is undeniably much larger than the Liberal, whereas at Bridgwater the Liberals have been somewhat ahead of the Labour Party. At Oxford, Labour and Liberal candidates, already in the middle of their campaigns, were withdrawn in favour of a newcomer who appeared from outside the party machines; at Bridgwater Mr. Bartlett appeared, with Liberal support, before the campaign had begun or a Labour candidate been adopted. There is, however, a further point in common between the two contests; in neither has the Labour Party taken, officially, any part in the campaign. Individually, its members have mostly worked for the Independent Progressive; but the party has not formally committed itself, and no help has been forthcoming from Transport House.

How is the situation left after these two elections? Much has been made in some quarters of the fact that the Labour Party's latest manifesto, in calling for the overthrow of Mr. Chamberlain and for a Government which the nation can trust, makes no mention of the Labour Party itself as necessarily the exclusive constituent of such a Government. It has been suggested that this implies a conversion of the party leaders to some sort of Popular or Democratic Front, and that the Oxford and Bridgwater contests may be the beginning of a nation-wide collaboration of Labour and Liberals to defeat the Government and set a progressive coalition in its place. But this interpretation seriously strains the actual wording of the manifesto. It may be that the omission of the anathemas upon all forms of Popular Front was deliberate; indeed, it can hardly have been otherwise. But it does not at all follow that the Labour Party, even if it wishes to leave its hands freer for the future, has in fact been converted to the policy of united electoral action. At both Oxford and Bridgwater Transport House yielded to local Labour opinion; but it gave no help, and made no sign of approving what was done.

Even if Transport House did approve, there would be immense difficulties in the way of any widespread repetition of the course of events in these two contests. For the moment, with the Munich betrayal overshadowing all other issues in most people's minds, it was possible to concentrate mainly on that one question, and to leave differences on other matters in the background. It was possible to appeal to men and women of decent feeling for the moment to forget party, and give all their attention to a protest against Mr. Chamberlain's policy. But neither of these conditions can exist for long, even if a state of crisis becomes endemic in the democratic countries. The party leaders want seats for their supporters, and can see no solid basis for an alternative Government in a Parliament of Independents, pledged not to accept the party whip. They may admit that there is a case for a few Independents, especially in such freak constituencies as the Universities; they cannot possibly accept any extensive application of the principle of independence, unless they are prepared either to give up the party system or to contemplate merging their own parties in a new party based on the Independents. Manifestly, the Labour Party is prepared for neither of these things, even if the Liberals might, in their present straits, prefer either of them to the danger of sheer extinction. There is no possible basis for any *widespread* movement of electoral readjustment in a multiplication of Independent Progressive candidatures.

In effect, if electoral collaboration between Liberals and Labour is to be considered at all, except in a few cases, it must take the form of "give and take" through the withdrawal of candidates, leaving the Labour man in some constituences and the Liberal in others a straight fight with the Government nominee. But this condition has only to be stated to make it evident that no pact of this sort is practicable on a national scale. There are areas in which most Liberals would vote Labour rather than National, and considerably more in which most Labour supporters would vote Liberal rather than National. But there are also a good number of areas in which a triangular contest offers the Labour Party its best hope of winning the seat, and in which more Liberals might vote National than Labour in the absence of a Liberal candidate. If a national pact were made, it would not be sheer gain, and would probably even present certain seats to the Government, especially in the North. It would also work most unevenly between the parties; for whereas many Liberals might vote National, even the most discontented Labour voters would probably go no further than abstaining—or, in a few cases, going over to the I.L.P. and putting forward candidates under its auspices.

A *national* electoral pact simply is not practical politics; for the parties have no power to hand their voters to and fro. Nor could the Labour Party enter into such a pact without very serious risk of disruption from within. It has built up an immense body of working-class loyalty to itself, and this it cannot afford to endanger for the problematic gain of an accession of Liberal support. It does not, however, follow that nothing is practicable by way of electoral arrangement. There are areas in which *local* pacts are workable, on account of the local situation, although a nation-wide pact is not. Surely the sensible course is to leave the road open to such

local pacts where neither Labour nor Liberal stands any real chance in a three-cornered contest; and it may be hoped that the tone of the Labour Party's latest manifesto and its attitude at Oxford and at Bridgwater do represent an approach to greater tolerance of arrangements of this kind.

It must, however, be clear that, as our parliamentary democracy is unworkable except through the party system, in most cases even local pacts must take the form of giving a Labour or Liberal candidate a clear run, rather than that of putting forward candidates without any party allegiance. This may appear to involve giving up the hope of strengthening the opposition vote by securing the support of disgruntled Conservatives; but their support for independents, in cases where it would not be given to candidates with a party label, is certainly not worth the risk of disrupting the Labour Party. There may be cases in which Independent Progressive candidatures are justified, especially in by-elections at times of special emergency. Oxford and Bridgwater are both special cases of this sort. But they are bound to remain exceptional, unless we are considering a complete reorientation of parties.

It may be argued that this view ignores the followers of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden, and that their support is essential to the winning of a majority in Parliament. But Mr. Churchill at any rate has given no sign of having much sympathy with the Left beyond a common hostility to Fascist aggression. For the present the business of the dissident Tories is either to alter Conservative policy from within, or, if they fail in that, to make up their minds where they stand in home as well as in foreign affairs. Only when they have shown themselves ready, as a group, to advocate both an international and a domestic policy broadly in line with those of the Labour Party, will there be any chance of considering their part in a possible Left bloc as a basis for an alternative Government. If some of them feel strongly enough about Mr. Chamberlain to vote for Labour or Liberal candidates, that is all to the good. But it would be insanity to break up the solidarity of the Labour Party in order to make a bid for their problematical support, at the risk of being led into an imperialist war policy under their influence. An Opposition that aims at becoming a Government must have cohesion; and evidence that such cohesion is possible must precede any consideration of united electoral action. A body of Independents, elected by an indiscriminate medley of Labour, Liberal and Churchillite voters, and owing allegiance to no party, would form no basis for an alternative Government.

We must in fact, as parliamentary democracy can work only through the party system, take that system as the basis of our immediate efforts. There is no time to set about the long process of disrupting parties in order to re-form them on different lines. The only possible alternative Government, as matters stand, is one either composed exclusively of Labour Party members or dominated by them. This situation may not be permanent; but it exists and forms the necessary starting point for immediate strategy. This rules out the multiplication beyond a very modest total of Independent Progressive candidates; and other considerations no less powerful rule out anything in the nature of a nation-wide inter-party pact. The danger is that the recognition of these facts may be distorted into a condemnation of all arrangements for uniting the anti-Government vote, even where the local conditions do make them possible and even necessary. There is a strong case for local collaboration in particular cases, though there is none for a national scheme. Let us hope that Transport House has seen this, and will not let slip the chance of weakening the Government's hold on a number of constituencies which are at present hopeless, although it does, and should, take a firm stand against any watering down of its programme or policy in the interests of a chimera of nation-wide electoral collaboration. And let us hope also that the advocates of collaboration in suitable cases will not spoil their case by arguing from the particular to the general, or allow their sense of the present emergency to blind them to the realities of the political struggle.

G. D. H. COLE

A LONDON DIARY

WE must go back to Peel's conversion to free trade nearly a century ago for a split in the Tory party. Is it again becoming fissiparous? If so, the split will be between the Chamberlainites, whose policy is that of international finance, and the Churchillites, whose imperialism is of the old-fashioned patriotic variety. Mr. Eden's attitude may be decisive and I think he is playing not for a Tory split and a new Coalition, but for the leadership of the Conservative Party on a policy which he hopes will win Labour and Liberal support. He leaves the door open for possible combinations in the future, but he sticks chiefly to safe phrases about national unity. Make no mistake about it. Mr. Eden is very much a Conservative; social reform has crept into recent speeches as if by an afterthought, but really, I'm told, as the result of Lord Baldwin's reminder that national leadership is still the product of domestic as well as of foreign policy. Mr. Alexander was certainly right in the House last Tuesday when he said that Labour would need very definite assurances about social policy before any question of pacts or alliances could be considered. Could Mr. Eden and Mr. Churchill—still more Lord Lloyd or Mr. Duff Cooper!—ever be more than the most temporary allies of the Labour Party?

* * *

If I had been able to choose which of the dictators should die last week, the lot would not have fallen on Atatürk. He differed from the modern type of ascetic tyrant in having the morals of a Black and Tan and the pleasures of a Roman emperor. I had a talk the other day with someone who knew him well during the Great War. Unfortunately most of what he told me is unprintable even in this Diary, but he gave me the impression that anywhere outside Turkey Kemal would have been considered a pure reactionary. The fact is that Turkey was at a stage comparable, if you will, with our own Middle Ages, when a ruthless despot may create much more than he destroys. Although he was completely regardless of human life he was worshipped by his Turkish soldiers. He seems to have loathed all foreigners without discrimination. One of his sayings was "you can't make a teacher out of an ass or a gentleman out of an Arab." This fanatical nationalism was queer, since he was himself almost certainly not a Turk. With his hungry grey eyes, his light hair and thin lips, he had nothing Mongoloid about him and looked most like a Graeco-Albanian. Kemal's entrance into politics was almost accidental. When sent by the Sultan to take a command in Anatolia he was still a loyal subject and it was only the Greek invasion which suddenly gave him the chance to follow the example of his hero, Genghis Khan, and head a nationalist rising. Even when he became a westernised statesman in a tail coat he remained essentially unpolitical. He did not want Fascism or Socialism, but simply a strong Turkey with Kemal as its supreme war lord. My friend told me of an incident, however, which indicates that he had not wholly westernised his own ideas. His adopted daughter had been invited at a state ball to dance with a young American attaché and had obviously enjoyed it. When the American asked her to dance with him again, Kemal walked up and pushed her away, saying "I have freed you women, but not for the infidels."

* * *

In his admirable pamphlet on the results of Munich, *Is it Peace? The Nettle and the Flower* (published by the *Spectator*, 3*d*.), Sir Arthur Salter remarks on the inconsistency of being, like Mr. Duff Cooper, "a Franco-phil in both senses." I see now that Mr. Duff Cooper, like many other Tory Imperialists, has now realised that it is impossible to back both France and Franco. There are, in fact, many signs of a revival of enthusiasm for the popular cause. The Spanish Emergency Committee are distributing a leaflet urging that belligerent rights should not be granted to Franco and that all foreigners should be turned out and the Spaniards left to reach their own solution. Four million copies of this leaflet were

ordered within twenty-four hours of its publication and at the present rate of demand the total distribution may reach something like fifteen millions. Meanwhile, the immediate need is still for food. In addition to the financing of food ships and the usual channels of relief, a new scheme has been devised by which it is possible to adopt particular families or individuals in Spain and dispatch regular parcels to them by post. People who are interested in this scheme can inquire of the Spanish Consulate in London.

* * *

"He was naive enough to maintain that a movement founded on lies could be countered by sincerity and objectivity." I take this sentence from one of the most honest and convincing books I have read about the Nazi regime. *What Hitler Did to Us*, by Eva Lips (Michael Joseph, 10*s.* 6*d.*) contains no atrocities. It is the story of what Hitler did to a professor of anthropology and his wife who had travelled together in Africa and wrote books on native psychology. He was the curator of an anthropological museum in Cologne. He and his wife were bound up in their work, their students and their garden. They had scarcely heard of Hitler until he was in power. Dr. Lips was astonished and refused as a matter of course when it was suggested that he should turn his museum into a propaganda organisation for the Nordic myth. He lost his job, which was taken by the least desirable of his students who had been smart enough to go Nazi in time. Dr. and Frau Lips were then persecuted in a variety of ways, deprived of their livelihood and their scientific material and eventually escaped, just in time, over the border. It is a dignified and moving account of the deliberate destruction of science and the triumph of brutality over integrity. It reveals, incidentally, an evolution that is happening everywhere in the world—the discovery by academic people and by artists that the struggle is one from which they cannot hold aloof. Fascism will not leave them alone, however much they may desire to keep out of politics, and there is a sudden heightening of the tempo of the book when Frau Lips discovers herself involved in a political atmosphere altogether abhorrent to her and finds that struggle epitomised when on a visit to Leipzig she goes into the Reichstag Trial and sees Dimitroff, a man bold enough to defy power even "when power seems omnipotent."

* * *

I referred a fortnight ago to the curious case of John Strachey, who was given a visa to visit the United States only to find that it was withdrawn when he reached New York. The issues involved in the legal hearings of his case are of more than individual importance. John Strachey explains them, with great objectivity, in the *New Republic* of November 3rd. Mr. Strachey was not refused admission by the Labour Department of the U.S.A., but the visa, issued to him in London, was cancelled by the Consul-General himself two days after he had sailed, apparently on information received from the British Government. The immigration authorities, therefore, had no alternative but to refuse him admission, and the Federal Court which heard his case could not even consider the substance of the charges, which seem in fact to have been baseless. It was, however, admitted that the Consul-General's action in cancelling a visa was quite unprecedented and Mr. Strachey argues that if this action is confirmed by the High Courts it might affect the position of every non-citizen in the U.S.A. The American Consul in Berlin, for instance, might think fit to cancel the visas of German émigrés already in America. In that case they would have no opportunity of rebutting the accusations against them in an American court, and no right of appeal to the Labour Department. The Consul, in fact, would be able to control immigration and might possibly do so, not on the advice of the American Government, but under pressure exercised upon him in the country where he resides.

* * *

The things you aren't allowed to do in a theatre would make a long list. At one time you couldn't buy chocolates; and even to gain that privilege theatre programmes for years had to publish a lampoon by George R. Sims. More serious to-day, when you walk into a theatre, you must leave your politics in the cloakroom with your hat. It is a strange taboo which prevents an audience from enjoying topical satire on the stage, but during the interval allows them to look at Low's cartoon in their evening papers. The theatre-goer has learnt to pack his laughs in separate compartments: one for Low, one for the theatre, and so on. He is not allowed to mix them. On the rare occasions when he is, there is a hint of amazement in his laughter. I have seen few audiences show such obvious delight as did the first-night audience at Unity Theatre on Tuesday when a very lifelike Mr. Chamberlain bounded on to the stage. His make-up was perfect—Low's toothy, tough, fussy Neville in action; and as long as he was there one could not take one's eyes off him. His "Try, try, try again" was some compensation for past injuries, and for the National Government Christmas cards we shall be receiving in a few weeks' time. He was not the only success of the show. *Babes in the Wood*, "a pantomime with political point," is a lively affair altogether. Hit and Muss make a pair of obvious but acceptable wicked uncles, and sing a terrifying song glorifying the blood-bath. There is a brilliantly bored Cliveden set, who in evening dress sing cautionary tales to a well-known hymn tune; a Fairy Wishfulfilment, archly awkward and funny; two crowned ninnies; and other figures of the contemporary scene, more or less disguised as pantomime. The Unity Theatre preserves its policy of anonymity, so that it is impossible to praise particular actors; but Chamberlain and the Fairy Wishfulfilment would hold their own in any music-hall or West-end revue. This is the first time, I believe, that this theatre—a co-operative Left-wing movement—has broken out into liveliness. I hope they will be encouraged to give us more. The pantomime, set for a longish run, is very uneven, but it has originality and go; the tunes and some of the words are first-rate; the company seem to enjoy themselves as much as the audience. In the present state of the theatre and of world affairs an evening spent at the Unity Theatre is a cure for despondency.

* * *

This meaningless but absorbing conversation took place in a bus travelling down Holborn to the city. At the bus stop, the conductor shouted "No guarantee beyond the Old Bailey," and no-one got on. Rather puzzled, I asked what's on? "King Carol," he said, and added as an explanation, "on show, not on trial." A quiet business man beside me looked up with a worried expression: "In times of crisis like this, they really ought not to hold up business," he said. "Ah," said the conductor in a confidential whisper, "there's more behind it than that."

* * *

I hear that in Germany, the British Empire is now only referred to as "Zone 6." CRITIC

EXPERIMENT IN HAPPINESS

IT is pleasant to turn one's attention from the increasingly efficient organisation of mankind for the production of human misery to a small experiment, one of the few inaugurated in our depressing times, for the production of human happiness. This is the Pioneer Health Centre at Peckham.

The Peckham Health Centre exists primarily to render health services to families in its immediate neighbourhood. Since its inception three years ago, 1,100 families have passed through its hands; to-day some 600 belong to the Centre, to which each family pays 1*s.* a week, irrespective of the size of the family. On joining, each member is subjected to a thorough medical overhaul. At its conclusion, the two doctors, a man and a woman, who have examined the various members of the family separately, hold a joint consultation with the family as a whole. The overhaul is repeated annually. Meanwhile, if anything goes wrong with any member of the family, he informs one of the doctors at the Centre, is examined, and referred with a

report to his own medical officer. The Centre does not treat people except for minor ailments and for one or two complaints in which the doctors on the staff happen to have a special interest. It refers them for treatment to their own doctors.

So far as the scientific side of its work is concerned, the Centre has two objects: the first practical, the second theoretical.

First, it is believed that most people (*a*) have "something the matter" with them, but (*b*) that this "something the matter" is normally not bad enough to induce them to go to the doctor. (English people almost invariably take a peculiar pride in holding out against disease until the last moment at which pain or exhaustion compel them to give up. To hang on and not to give in indicates, they think, the possession of a strong will and a dogged spirit. In fact it indicates nothing at all but sheer pig-headed foolishness—I say this without undue complacency, since I am myself an incorrigible "hanger on" and "not-giver-in.") It is believed (*c*) that, although, while it is in the incipient stage known as the pre-clinical condition disclosed during the overhaul, the "something the matter" can usually be put right without difficulty, when it has grown bad enough to produce a visit to the doctor, it can be put right only after much trouble and pain, and often not put right at all.

The records of the Centre confirm these beliefs. During eighteen months some 10,000 individual examinations were carried out. Of those examined on arrival—and they were, it must be remembered, only a sample cross-section of the population of an ordinary English residential district, consisting for the most part of well-to-do working-class people or of persons belonging to what is called the lower middle class—83 per cent. had "something the matter" with them. The "something the matter" was usually not serious—it might be flat feet, bad teeth, incipient anaemia, latent heart trouble, varicose veins, potential high blood pressure—but if left untreated it would have grown worse. It was treated either at the Centre or by the member's own doctor, with the result that, at the second overhaul, it was found that some 23 per cent. of those previously found to be suffering from minor maladies that could be cured were in fact cured.

Eighty-three per cent. is a staggering figure. The Centre is drawn from a by no means impoverished stratum of the community, nor are the maladies which it discovers in any large degree the result of poverty and privation. The wage levels of the members range from about £2 5*s.* to £10 or more a week, the average being about £3 3*s.* a week. What, one wonders, must be the pre-clinical condition of the really poor?

In a recent speech in Parliament Lord Horder estimated that the public spend between £25 and £30 million a year on quack medicines. "Our members," in the words of the Report of the Centre for the year 1937, "cease to need these remedies because the complaints for which they are advertised are dealt with rationally and in general successfully. Thus," the Report continues, "our procedure"—the periodic health overhaul—"is the rational way of attacking ill-health at the earliest moment and, therefore, in the most economical way."

The second object is observation. We observe animal species, why not human beings? It may, for example, be possible through observation to determine to what extent psychological conditions tend to cause disease, and the effect which disease has upon the patient's psychological condition. Here, for instance, is an energetic, socially active child who laughs and plays and is always to be found in the gym or the swimming bath. He catches scarlet fever and goes to hospital. When he returns to the Centre he is lethargic and solitary. He is examined and it is found that one of his feet is flat and painful to move. The foot is treated with a view to the re-education of the muscles, whereupon the child again becomes social and active.

The circumstance of observation, not guidance, being the Centre's object, has a subtle effect upon the atmosphere of the place. The staff think of themselves as entomologists inspecting an ant heap; the members refer to themselves amusedly as cats in the cage, mice in the maze, and so on. Since there is no guidance, there is no government; people do what they like. I would have said that they make their own rules, only I was unable to discover that there were any rules. There is not even representative government through elected committees. Committees or groups are formed by those wishing to play a particular game, to regulate the conduct of the game. Thus there is a Darts committee or a Badminton committee, but so far as the general run of the place is concerned, a harmonious anarchy reigns, if I may commit an Irishism, supreme.

As with the government, so with the tastes and pursuits of the members. At every other social centre I have visited some attempt is made to turn the minds of the members to higher things; to induce them to see highbrow plays, to listen to classical music, to read good books. Here there is no such attempt. In the early days, benevolent and upward-looking persons formed a committee to start a library; they even presented books. Nobody read the books, and the library scheme was dropped. Concerts of good classical music were given; few attended the concerts, and now there is a jazz band. But on reflection, I fear lest I may have over-stressed the robust lowbrowism of the place. Did I not meet a young artist who was arranging for an exhibition of water colours by painters employed in other occupations?

This rigid abstention from guidance extends to a refusal to give advice, a refusal which has produced one interesting result. I mentioned above that 83 per cent. of those examined are found at the end of their first overhaul to need medical attention. The fact was impressed upon them, and they were advised to go to see their doctors, with the result that, over a period of a year, some 35 per cent. took the advice. During the last year no advice has been given, members being told that the results of the overhaul were supplied to them for purposes of information only, and that they could act on them or not, as they pleased. As a result, 90 per cent. called to see their doctors, an interesting statistical dotting of the i's and crossing of the t's of what we already knew, namely, that everybody hates being given advice and that people show their hatred when they can by refusing to take it.

I have spoken hitherto of the medical and scientific aspects of the place, but there is also a vivid social life. Picture to yourself an enormous modern building whose walls appear to be composed almost entirely of glass. In the middle is a large swimming pool; round it are arranged little tables, as at a continental café. Behind the tables a counter runs along the length of the bath, from which one can get a meal, serving and carrying for oneself. There is a licence, and beer and spirits can be drunk as well as tea and coffee. There is a big dance hall with an admirable band; there are badminton, billiards, table tennis, whist, darts, and a gymnasium. The social side was, I imagine, originally tacked on to the medical experiment as a form of ground bait. People must be amused before they will consent to be made healthy.

In fact the social life has been such a success that, to some it will seem the most interesting side of the whole experiment. Here were a number of families living within the radius of a single square mile, vigorously cold-shouldering, suspecting and refusing to know their neighbours. The loneliness of people living in London—and things, I imagine, are not much better in any large town—is a thing horrible to contemplate and intolerable to endure. It bears most hardly upon the women who, from week-end to week-end, see nobody but tired husbands and clamorous children, the retailers with whom they do their shopping, and the next-door neighbour with whom they may or may not pass the time of day. People live in a state of wariness and suspiciousness which hardens on occasion into open hostility. Now picture the same families at the Peckham Health Centre. The frost has broken up; people who have lived opposite each other for years meet for the first time, an atmosphere of social geniality is diffused. The increase in human happiness is, I should say, as great if not greater than the increase in human health.

The difference between this and any other form of social experiment with which I am acquainted was admirably brought out by a couple of speeches which I heard delivered during the course of my visit. The Centre was giving an At Home, and in addition to the members, a number of visitors were present. At similar gatherings attended by me in the capacity of East End social worker in the remote past, the speeches have borne a striking similarity to the addresses given by eminent persons to public schoolboys on prize-giving days. There have been appeals to *esprit de corps*, dissertations on honour, encouragements to think of others rather than of self, invocations to tradition, praise of character, modified praise of intelligence, tributes to worthies past and present, and general diffusion of heartiness. As the stream of good fellowship poured warmly from the mouth of the speaker, one blushed shamefacedly, not caring to catch one's neighbour's eye.

The speeches at the Centre were plain, simple and matter of fact. This had been done; that it was hoped to do. Certain schemes had failed, or had been put into cold storage owing to lack of funds. It had been decided to extend the area served by the Centre with a view to bringing in more families. If people liked the place—and it was thought that they did—they might wish to consider introducing their friends.

This bald summary conveys very little of the tone and temper of the speeches. These I can best describe by saying that they were equalitarian, as from one partner to another in a common undertaking, and not patronising, as of one conferring benefits out of the goodness of his heart upon inferior persons.

I have referred to finance. It is a curious and to me distressing fact that, whereas organisations of which I disapprove, such as the Army, the Church, or the Government, appear to be adequately supplied with funds, every movement, society or organisation which seems to me to be doing valuable work in the world is in chronic need of money. This is true of the Centre. Unless it can lay hands on £4,000 by Christmas, it will have to close; of this £4,000, £1,500 has already been contributed. Government Departments have been approached but none will help. Negotiations are at the moment on foot with several of the Trusts, but no grant has, I understand, hitherto been forthcoming. The difficulty may be solved by a proposal to extend the area served and so to bring in more families, but prospects at the moment are not, I gather, very hopeful. Here, then, is a concern which, in spite of its manifestly high yield in terms of health and happiness, may have to go into liquidation for lack of financial support. It seems a pity.

C. E. M. JOAD

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. H. Winn.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

The first bomb with which the clothing was tested gave out such intense heat that the man making the experiment was unable to reach it by yards.

The second bomb, this time approached by someone more suitably dressed, but armed with the officially recommended shovel, went straight through the shovel when an attempt was made to lift it.

The firm then wrote to the Government pointing out the poor results obtained from the recommended equipment. The reply was that the firm must have been using the wrong type of incendiary bomb. —Letter in *Hornsey Journal*.

It is obvious that in this case the ideal form for service to take is for the Government to organise compulsory games for the whole nation.

Some people may say that such a system would do little to protect the nation from air-raids or from invasion, but it would at least stop the slashing of seats in cinemas. It is moral rearmament we want. Let us pack down solidly behind Mr. Chamberlain and push.—*Daily Telegraph*.

POLITICAL APATHY RUNNING RIOT.—*Daily Post*, Liverpool.

In a broadcast message, Major-General Sir Fabian Ware, of the Imperial War Graves Commission, said that the thought that Europe had been again on the brink of war had come as a shock to those who believed that through common remembrance of the dead the voice of the dead would gather strength from year to year directing them along the path of peace.

"And yet," he asked, "do we not know in the bottom of our hearts that it was their voice which called a halt at Munich?"

"It was the voice of their 10,000,000 dead which bade the people of Europe, in the words of King George V, to draw together 'in sanity and self control.'"

Sir Fabian disclosed that if war had come arrangements had been made with the German Government for a mutual respecting of the war cemeteries of the two countries.—*Belfast Telegraph*.

NIL NISI BONUM

PEOPLE sometimes complain of the insincerity of obituary notices—of the compliments lavished on nonentities and even on fairly bad men when once they are dead. I am myself in favour of the conventional eulogy. For one thing I dislike the notion of telling the truth about a man in print as soon as he is dead, when one has not ventured to do so while he was still alive. For another thing, if the obituarist begins to approach his subject in the spirit, not of respect, but of a seeker after truth, heaven knows into what misrepresentations this may lead him. A large proportion of the people who set out in search of the truth about their fellow-men are convinced that truth is unpleasant, and, as a result, the truth often deludes them while they are hot on the trail of facts that have aroused their suspicions. It is because of this that the debunking biography is so seldom satisfactory except as a supplement to what has been written on the eulogistic side. The debunker, as a rule, discovers even less of the truth than the eulogist, largely because he so often thinks of truth as an exposure of shortcomings and rejoices in the exposure.

There was an interesting example in the *Times* the other day of an obituary written by a man who set out to discover the truth. The obituary was quoted from the *Times* of a hundred years ago, and was obviously the work of an entirely honest man. It began, promisingly enough: "We have been endeavouring to gain a few particulars regarding the late Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay, whose death has been recently announced." But the endeavours of the writer were apparently in vain, for the obituary goes on: "From all we can learn, however, there was little in the history of the worthy knight to entitle him to a very elaborate biographical notice." How the attention is at once caught by this unexpected opening! We feel that we are now coming on the truth about the dead man, even though the most that can be said of him in print is: "The less said the better." In this context the phrase, "the worthy knight," has a sarcastic ring. We are all the more surprised, then, when the biographer, having whetted our appetite for truth, makes it clear that he can reveal very little to the dead man's discredit. "He was, by all accounts," we are told, "an upright man, possessed of good common sense, a tolerable quantity of law, and as little inclination for activity as his surviving brother, the somnolent Lord Glenelg."

Here is a sketch that, it seems to me, is intended to be contemptuous and to make the reader feel that the world lost little by the death of Sir Robert Grant. Yet what a eulogy the obituarist has written in spite of himself! How many of us would be glad to have such an epitaph on our gravestones! "An upright man"—that was the sort of man who, according to Horace, was an example to the world and who could be trusted to show no fear though the heavens fell. Was uprightness so widespread a hundred years ago that a Governor of Bombay could be all but despised for possessing it? Mr. Arthur Bryant has been at great pains in a recent

biography to impress upon us the uprightness of Mr. Pepys, and, if uprightness is a noble quality in Mr. Pepys, it is hardly fair to look down on it in a Governor of Bombay. Nor does it seem reasonable to write disparagingly of a man who could be said to be "possessed of good common sense." If every country in the world were ruled to-day by upright men possessed of good common sense, we should think we were already half-way to Heaven. Perhaps, however, these qualities were commoner a hundred years ago than they are now and so were less highly thought of. At the moment, I wish Sir Robert Grant and a few of his contemporaries could be resurrected and put in control of the affairs of the Five Continents.

It is true that Sir Robert had one fault or supposed fault. He had "as little inclination for activity as his surviving brother, the somnolent Lord Glenelg." Even this fault, I confess, seems to me in the light of events to-day to be half a virtue. We are pestered just now by men with an inordinate inclination to activity. There are statesmen who have become as restless as wasps and as disturbing to peace. They love activity for its own sake, and seem never to ask themselves whether their activity increases or decreases the happiness of the world in which they live. Activity is, of course, necessary to most human beings; if that were not so we should not have so many people playing hockey and football. If hockey and football resulted in as many casualties as the activities of statesmen, however, they would be suppressed as a public danger. Hence there is no reason to praise activity as a good thing in itself or to condemn inactivity as a bad thing in itself. The criminal is as active as the policeman and sometimes a little more active. The good man, as a rule, mingles activity with inactivity, and is commended by posterity for both. Pericles, Fabius and Abraham Lincoln were all accused by their contemporaries of showing little inclination to activity, but history has justified them. An over-active man needs to be almost a saint in order not to be a danger to the community.

I feel that Sir Robert Grant's inactivity must have been fairly beneficent. If it had not been, his obituarist would surely have been able to rake up some instance of his having failed in his duty through idleness. He winds up his sketch with a sentence which seems to me to be a vindication of Sir Robert. "It is difficult," he writes, "to form an idea of the manner in which Sir Robert discharged the administrative functions which devolved upon him at Bombay, but if the papers of the Presidency are to be credited, he did very little good and no particular harm." That to my mind is, if not a glorious record, a record to be envied. Most men, I fancy, would rather be spoken of after death as men who went through life doing no particular harm than bequeath to posterity the fame and the infamy of a Napoleon. Or would they? Fame, contemporary or posthumous, is very alluring, and a large number of otherwise rational human beings would probably rather be remembered for a crime or a folly than not be remembered at all. Even Sir Robert Grant might have been stirred to some pernicious activity if he had foreseen how coldly the *Times* would comment on his buried bones. Even the somnolent Lord Glenelg might, for the sake of perpetuating his memory, have roused himself from his slumbers and set out to emulate the deeds of Attila. It seems to me, however, that those who think that fame is worth having at any price should reflect on the dampening fact that Jack the Ripper is remembered by more Englishmen than his contemporary, Swinburne.

Sir Robert Grant would possibly have been surprised if he had been told that he would be mentioned in the *Times* a hundred years after his death, and he would have been still more surprised to learn that his memory would be perpetuated only because in 1838 the *Times* had said that he had never done anything worth remembering. It is the *Times* man's candour, not the record of Sir Robert's public services, that makes this brief obituary notice interesting to us to-day. In the present century a man needs to be very nearly a genius to be the subject of a candid obituary notice. A great Prime Minister cannot even in the week of his burial be given undiluted praise by those who have spent years denouncing him as a peril to the commonwealth. The obituarist may laud his sincerity, his piety, his genius for friendship, his devotion to his family, but truth will keep breaking in through the decencies of the hour. Not the whole truth, of course, because even to a hostile obituarist a man usually seems nobler just after his death than he seemed while he was alive. Still, I do not imagine that, with the best will in the world, Liberal obituarists were able, at the time of the death of Joseph Chamberlain, entirely to conceal their feelings about his part in the Boer War. Great writers, again, when they die, are criticised with a candour never exercised in the obituaries of mayors of provincial towns. Semi-obscurity is the perfect protection against this graveside outspokenness. To-day a Governor of Bombay would need to have done something fairly conspicuous, whether good or bad, in order to be as candidly criticised in an obituary as Sir Robert Grant.

Those who condemn the press for the lack of truthfulness in its obituaries—and many people do so—should ask themselves what the alternative is. There is enough candour in the world without allowing it to creep into obituaries. After all, Shakespeare's heroes, on discovering a dead enemy, invariably broke into extravagant eulogy and proclaimed that the man they had done their best to kill was the finest human being since Adam. Obituarists need not be ashamed to take their cue from Shakespeare. Let them leave candour to the late biographer. He will arrive soon enough.

Y. Y.

BACK TO THE LAND?

9.—THE WORKERS

IT has been shown that, on a most conservative estimate, a determination to make fuller use of the farming land of England and Wales could result in a very considerable expansion of our agricultural production, so far as the potentialities of our soil are concerned. If grassland production were increased by no more than 50 per cent. we could maintain the following increases in our livestock:

Dairy Cattle, 1½ million	Pigs, 3 million
Beef Cattle, 750,000	Sheep, 5 million

In addition to this, we could raise the arable acreage by 3 millions, increase our output of poultry and market-garden crops, and afforest another 2 to 3 million acres of land. But neither better use of the land nor the creation of markets for the produce would bring this result about without the men on the land to do the work, and since 1921 agriculture has lost a quarter of a million of its staff.

No accurate estimate can be made of the number of men required to deal with the expansion outlined above. Many farms could increase their stock-carrying if there were more confidence in the industry with little or no increase in staff, and a change-over from an extensive to an intensive system of farming has a tendency to increase the output per unit of labour in a manner that plays havoc with theoretical statistics. We do not even know if we would set about such an expansion by encouraging farming in large or small scale units or both, nor do we know how far the big strides that British agriculture has already made in increasing the efficiency of its labour has gone, or what further strides the great progress of agricultural engineering will enable it to take. But last September Mr. J. M. Keynes, in an article in the *Times*, demonstrated that whereas factory productivity rose by about 5 per cent. between 1924 and 1930 and by at least 20 per cent. between 1930 and 1935, yet "despised agriculture" had done best of all and raised its output per head by some 40 per cent. between 1924 and 1934, with the greater part occurring in the last five years. Both the detractors of agriculture and those who see the decline of farming employment as a disaster in itself might take note of these facts.

In order to obtain some sort of idea of the problem to be faced in finding the workers for the above-mentioned expansion, and not to pretend to make an accurate estimate, we might say that we should need an extra 200,000 dairymen, another 5,000 shepherds, 50,000 pig-keepers, 15,000 new workers for the additional arable land, 20,000 beef cattle men and 20,000 foresters, apart from the poultry-keepers and market gardeners, if we encouraged these industries to make a fuller contribution to national nutrition. That means increasing the farming population by at least 300,000, or by more than all the men who have left the land since 1921. At least it gives an idea of the magnitude of the task and shows that the worker is the keystone in any plan of farming expansion. It shows also how unwise it would be to let any more countrymen drift into the towns now, for it takes longer to make a first-class farm worker than to make a first-class mechanic, and already it would be difficult enough to train new men, even if we found a means of attracting them back to the soil. Shortage of labour is one of the main factors in deterring many farmers from using their land more intensively to-day.

How could we set about this problem of attracting the workers—meaning both employer and employee—back to the land? Obviously there must first be some economic inducement. Other things than food cost the consumer about 80 per cent. more to-day than before the war; food only costs 40 per cent. more. It is not, therefore, surprising that the cash attractions of food production, in terms of profits or wages, have failed to keep pace with other lines of employment. Somehow a means would have to be found to enable agriculture to give a more encouraging return to both masters and men. Less than would appear at first sight might be necessary because agriculture has done much in reducing its production costs, and it is a hopeful sign that the really expert stockman on an efficient farm is now able to command 50*s.* and 60*s.* a week because it pays to give him that. I have seen the accounts of a number of farms recently and the average wage, including overtime, harvest money and stockmen's wages, worked out at just over 39*s.* per week. If cottages can be provided for 3*s.* or so per week, as it is hoped they will be under the new Housing Act, that is beginning to get near a competitive wage with the towns, other things being equal.

But other things are not equal, and here we come to something almost as important as wages. Time worked is longer, especially at week-ends, housing conditions and general amenities in many districts can be compared only with the Middle Ages. I am not sure, in fact, that squalor and boredom are not even stronger things than low wages in driving men from the country to the town. Long hours are not so bad in the week, for farm men are interested in their work and it has variety; it is the tie of looking after stock on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. There is a growing tendency on the larger farms to organise things so that stockmen can get week-ends off, but it is a terribly difficult thing to do on a small farm, and the smallholder himself fares worst of all. For the smallholder there seems little hope unless we plan smallholding on more collective lines, but it would be interesting to hear if any farmers employing, say, three or four men and keeping livestock have managed to overcome this difficulty.

The significance of housing cannot be over-emphasised. Rural housing conditions in some districts must be seen to be believed. Before writing this article I went through the files of a newspaper office to add to the examples I knew. I soon found that it was useless, for there hardly seemed to be a part of England where medical officers of health and other responsible people were not crying out against conditions of village life that were almost too nauseating to be printed and would be a foul blot on a country only one-tenth as rich as ours. The list would have read more like a gazetteer of Britain. There are exceptions, of course, and in Devon this summer I was told that they thought they had arrested the drift from the land. "How's that?" I asked. "Chiefly, we think, because we have done more than any other county to re-house the farm labourer," I was told.

No one knows what the demand for new village homes is. For since the last estimate (120,000 new cottages demanded by a survey in 1913) there have been great changes. But we do know that village families are living five in a room with no sanitation, that often the upper storey cannot be occupied when it rains because the roof is open to the sky, that young couples who would like to get married are "living together," but sleep with their respective families because no home of their own is procurable. But now things are beginning to look a little more hopeful. Since Mr. Walter Elliot (who has always had at least one foot in the soil) went to the Ministry of Health, there has been a great speed-up in reconditioning cottages under the Housing (Rural Workers) Act, and 20,000 cottages will soon have been dealt with by this means. In addition he is pressing forward with the new Act, which should enable fresh village homes to be built and let at three or four shillings per week, although it remains to be seen if even this will awaken some local authorities from their lethargy. Inseparable from decent housing are proper sanitation and water supplies and rural electrification. There are some counties, such as Warwickshire, where practically every village has main electricity; but others where the grid is a mockery to those who must let the pylons bestride their fields, taking light and power to the towns, but with never a hope of their own homes being lit by the current that passes by within a stone's throw. Where electricity is available, a piped water supply is by no means essential, for electricity will pump water from the well at a negligible cost. A main electric supply is now essential to a rural civilisation. As Lord De La Warr has well said:

> There comes a moment when the woman of the house with her lamps to clean, the water to pump and the earth closet in the garden, gives way to the lure of the electric-light switch, the gas cooker, the hot-water tap and modern sanitation. The more we educate and the more we open the mind both of farmer and farm labourer, the harder they will be to keep on the land unless we tackle seriously the question of these rural amenities.

And yet this education must be forthcoming if we are to have any sort of rural civilisation. The Cambridgeshire Village Colleges, which are places to re-create the minds and bodies of everyone within their orbit between the ages of nine and ninety, point clearly up the right path. Here knowledge is taught and the humanities; here there are sports grounds and swimming pools, laboratories, libraries, village halls and meeting places to which every village man, woman and child has right of free access; but here also is the source of village life, the *alma mater* of those fortunate areas of the countryside, nourishing the human spirit and impelling it to find its own ways of self-expression. For let there be no mistake about it. We may fill the countryside with new houses, raise rural wages, subsidise village transport, extend electricity, water and sanitation services so that the country becomes as well equipped as the town, and we may perfect the most wonderful technical education service for agriculture in the world. But all these things will be as the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal unless the spirit that creates men and women and a full life is there also, in order that country people may develop their own civilisation out of their own roots and country life may swing along again with its own momentum.

The material means for a decent existence are necessary, but it would be wrong to fancy that this is all that is required, or even that agriculture is ever likely to compete with the towns in pure terms of cash. But if we could say: Here is an interesting and healthy life, waiting to be lived in pleasant and decent surroundings; we can give you security, although you must always risk a gamble with the seasons; we can give you more independence than you will find in most industries, although you are never likely to make a great fortune; some of the dividends you must expect to take in life rather than in money—if we could say this, does anyone doubt that such an offer would not meet with an overwhelming response from thousands eager to forsake the fleshpots of industrialisation for fare that may be harder in some ways, but is fare that can nourish the whole man?

L. F. EASTERBROOK

Correspondence

ITALY AND MUNICH

SIR,—A few days after the Munich crisis I had occasion to write to an Italian friend in Rome, a distinguished man of letters. Knowing him to be a liberal, I made some comments on the British reaction to the "peaceful solution." So far as I could judge, I said, there was a general feeling that the Premier should have risked everything, in the belief that Germany would not have faced the combination of England, France, Czechoslovakia and Russia, with America in the background, while Poland and the Balkans waited to join the winning side. It seemed that Chamberlain had, or should have had, all the cards in his hands.

And this was my friend's reply:

> What hopes have crumbled with the collapse of dear old England! For the first time I am overwhelmed with the sense of England's terrible, unpardonable guilt! What a pitiful shock it has been to many of us!
>
> You say that Chamberlain "had all the cards in his hands." But you do not know that in the days preceding the criminal encounter at Munich Italy was inundated by an explosion of joy, of certainty at her coming liberation from a slavery every day more cruel: an explosion of joy based not only on hope, but on the actual evidence of *our complete military and civil unpreparedness to sustain a war.* We were all certain that the people would not have marched beside Germany; the soldiers were not responding to the call to arms; those that did respond found the depots unprovided with uniforms, food and logistic arrangements. . . . Mussolini's bluff was apparent in all its tragic magnitude. In a few weeks, but for the Munich agreement, we should have been liberated from the octopus of Fascism. And instead . . . the only excuse that I can see is that Chamberlain was conscious (and so perhaps were France and America) that not one of them was prepared at that moment to meet the terrible adversary (not Italy!!).
>
> There has been a recrudescence of persecution as regards non-Fascists.

This is the opinion of an anti-Fascist—but a mature thinker, a soldier and a historian. Perhaps readers who have recently been in Italy can confirm his account. A. B.

LABOUR POLICY

SIR,—I think I have answers to Mr. Cole's personal attacks upon myself, but I have resolved to let the defence go by default in order to prevent important political issues from becoming obscured under personalities. Apparently I have failed to make clear the important political objections to the Oxford experiment; I must make a further brief attempt to do so.

1. A real and useful Popular Front must be either an alliance between *organisations* or (which is more likely in English conditions) the drawing in of wide forces behind *an organisation*—in this case the Labour Party.

Movements like the Oxford experiment are (*a*) quite unorganised and can have no organisational permanence or control over their elected candidates; and (*b*) wherever they spread, must erode local Labour Parties, thus destroying the main organisational basis for any real Popular Front.

2. A real Popular Front must have a clear agreed programme which must not lay almost exclusive emphasis on foreign policy, because foreign and domestic issues are inseparable. One cannot fight the foreign policy of a class (or an important section of a class) without fighting its whole policy and all it stands for.

3. From this follows the danger of creating (under the banner of a vague anti-Fascism) a mass-following for Messrs. Eden, Churchill, etc. Mr. Lindsay did not of course *formally* offer an alliance to the followers in Oxford of these gentlemen. But his candidature (whatever his personal intentions) did help to create the psychological conditions that will form such a following and he offered a programme which might have been their own.

Mr. Eden represents a definite tendency in the Conservative Party. In his recent speeches he has been making demagogic attacks on the "present party system" and has appealed for a real national unity "regardless of class and creed." "There are many reserves of goodwill waiting to be utilised and this can never be done on a party basis."

These ideas reappear in Mr. Duff Cooper's articles in the *Evening Standard*: "It should be the object of all to keep out of Party warfare any question of foreign policy in the conduct of which continuity is above all things desirable." And these same ideas underlay Mr. Lindsay's main propaganda-theme. In his speeches Mr. Lindsay said: "Since Mr. Eden resigned something happened to this country that has not happened for many generations—we have been profoundly divided about foreign politics." "My object is to get a foreign policy on which this country can unite, and I don't care how it is done."

What can this "national unity" lead to but a government of national regimentation whose social (and ultimately foreign) policy is bound to be that of the dominant economic class? Can there be a truly democratic foreign policy which is not based on the utmost political and economic liberty at home?

Mr. Eden and his friends have shown, by their readiness to follow an imperialist foreign policy (in the assurance that they can deal with any consequential dangers to their class position), that they represent the most confident section of our ruling class and, therefore, the section most likely to win control and, when necessary, to take strong and reactionary measures to defend their position at home.

I have not made these quotations from Mr. Lindsay to attack his particular candidature, but to show what is likely to happen if an unthought-out movement of this sort spreads.

4. It is vitally necessary to look ahead in any sort of Popular Front. Apart from its immediate aims, there is bound to occur, in the face of grave difficulties, an internal crisis due to the class differences between the different social elements in the Front. To guard against this it is necessary to secure the maximum of organised working-class leadership. (Compare the success of the Radicals in sabotaging the *Front Populaire*.)

Mr. Cole talks as if the Oxford Experiment were no more than "extraordinary measures to deal with an extraordinary situation." But to me it reflects a very dangerous trend in our present political development. Are the dangers I foresee inherent in the sort of movement that would result from a spread of candidatures of the type of Mr. Lindsay's?

Much of the potentially first-rate political feeling and activity that is behind the present vogue for Popular Fronts of any sort has sprung, I think, from frustration at the lack of any alternative realistic policy. A critic of dangerous forms of Popular Front must indicate an alternative policy. I certainly do not advocate a sectarian, self-isolating policy for Labour. The right way, in my opinion, is leadership of the present mass of discontent by a vigorous Labour Party with a broadened policy, which will put forward certain central working-class demands as national demands and which will express concretely the main demands of other social sections.

Such a Labour Party could well afford to come to agreements with the Liberals on certain issues (and, if necessary, in certain special constituencies), and to accept the support of any other groups that are prepared to offer it.

Dartford has given a foretaste of how much could be expected from such a lead from the Labour Party.

Pettywell, Garsington, Oxford. PATRICK GORDON WALKER

ULSTER AND EIRE

SIR,—Mr. Dennison and Mr. Harrison, in your issue of 12th November, discuss the Partition of Ireland from the traditional and opposing standpoints of the Protestant and the Roman Catholic. There is a third point of view, that of the liberal-minded man, neither Protestant nor Roman Catholic, who does not like tyranny, no matter what label is attached to it.

When Mr. Dennison and Mr. Harrison attack the Government of Eire and the North of Ireland Government, the liberal-minded Irishman can agree with both of them; when they attempt to defend those Governments he can agree with neither. Both Governments are tyrannous, and both are semi-Fascist. One difference between them is that the Government of Eire is probably more or less honest and actuated by sincere motives of Nationalism and Roman Catholicism, and the Government of Northern Ireland is neither honest nor sincere in either its Unionism or its Protestantism. This is a real difference, though it can be of little importance to a man in gaol whether he has been put there by a fanatic or an adventurer.

There is, however, another difference. The Government of Eire is determined to put down every form of liberal thought *as such*, the Government of Northern Ireland has, so far, confined its persecution, to a large extent, to the Nationalists and the Roman Catholics. Moreover, there seems to be little chance of Eire for many years to come being anything other than a priest-ridden country; whereas, if the threat of Rome Rule were removed

from the minds of the people of the North of Ireland there is at least a possibility that the traditional liberalism of the Province would re-assert itself.

That is why liberal-minded Irishmen in the North of Ireland will have nothing to do with proposals for any form of union with Eire, and why they think it a pity that misinformed "Left" thought in England seems always to be toying with the idea.

A clear and definite promise from the English Government, backed by one from the Opposition (and frequently repeated), that under no circumstances would the few remaining liberties of the North of Ireland be betrayed to the Rome-governed South would, many of us firmly believe, be sufficient to cause the fall of Craigavon, and the setting up of an honest and decent Government in Northern Ireland. It is probably because the English Government realises this fact quite well, and because it is determined to avoid any such happening, that it does not give that promise, and, in fact, does its best to keep the people of Northern Ireland in a continuous state of fear. That is easily understandable, there is honour among thieves when interests coincide: what is not so easily understandable is that the Liberal and Labour parties should play into their hands.

This is not to say that we do not believe in a united Ireland. We do. But we believe in an Ireland united under a reformed and democratic Government, and not under either the present Government of Eire or the present Government of Northern Ireland. Let us make this clear: to fail to do so is only to delay the advent of an honourable and just union of the country.

15 St. George's Mansions, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. PADDY RYAN

KING CAROL'S PRISONERS

SIR,—King Carol's visit to this country synchronises with the publication of Sir Samuel Hoare's Criminal Justice Bill and the debate in the House of Commons on the Death Penalty. The cause of penal reform has always been one which recognised no national boundaries and one of the strongest practical arguments against the gallows is that many countries, including Rumania, have done without the death penalty for several generations and have suffered no increase in murder. So it happened that, when a Howard League mission consisting of Miss Margery Fry, Mrs. C. D. Rackham and Professor Olaf Kinberg of Sweden visited Rumanian prisons a year ago, Miss Fry wrote "the English members of our party felt we had something to learn from Rumania when we saw lads sentenced for deliberate murder doing skilled carpentry in a well-lit workshop."

But if we have something to learn from Rumania, there is much that Rumania can learn from us. The same Howard League mission saw in one Rumanian local prison a lad of 17, serving 3 months for stealing a beehive; he could not read and had spent 3 weeks in complete solitude with absolutely nothing to do. In another cell was an old woman, shivering and weeping, quite alone, guarded by men, cut off from her own sex. Cold, hunger and solitary confinement were common. The Rumanian Government has, we know, a hard task, and even in a rich country it is not easy to get money for prisons. But real penal reform is an economy, in the short run as well as in the long run. Probation and other alternatives to imprisonment save crime and misery; they also save money.

The treatment of its lawbreakers is a fair test of a country's civilisation. If the Rumanian King's visit brings our two countries closer in friendship, what could be more fitting than that the friendship should stir each to greater humanity in a sphere where humanity is apt to be forgotten.

CICELY M. CRAVEN,
Hon. Secretary
The Howard League for Penal Reform,
Parliament Mansions, S.W.1.

JAPANESE LABELS

SIR,—It is of course impossible for Mrs. Howard to make certain she is not buying Japanese goods. If she can find the word "Foreign" on very cheap merchandise it is very likely Japanese, but of course it may be, say, Czechoslovakian, which she may not desire to boycott.

As regards the marking she refers to, I very much doubt if this would be accepted generally by Customs examiners, as obviously it does not give the country of origin as required by law and the penalties for evasion are rigorously imposed. In some ordinances it is expressly provided that words such as "Macclesfield" will be assumed to be Macclesfield, England—so that applied to Japanese goods it would be a false description and liable to heavy penalties. Actually there is no necessity for the Japanese to adopt such measures, as the British law allows the use of the word "Foreign" which can be put out of sight.

I have bought large quantities of Japanese merchandise for many years and have never seen the marking referred to, although I have no knowledge of American practice. I agree that the French law is better, which insists on the country of origin and also regulates the size and position of the letters, which must be visible to the purchaser.

The Japanese do, of course, copy European merchandise, especially packing, labels and general appearance, but this is often done on the instructions of the purchaser, who is not always any more scrupulous than the manufacturer.

Mill Hill, N.W.7. C. W. CANNELL

ROSE COHEN

SIR,—In April of this year it was announced in the press that Rose Cohen, an Englishwoman who had recently been living in Russia and working there as a journalist on a Soviet newspaper, had been arrested. It has since transpired that she was arrested more than twelve months ago and charged with "counter-revolutionary activity." Since that time none of her many friends in this country have been able to establish any connection with her or obtain any information as to her fate; but, so far as is known, she has never yet been tried.

She is still, we understand, to the best information of the British authorities, a British subject. It is understood that the Soviet Government affirms the contrary, alleging that she had recently applied for Russian nationality. Her British passport, however, has never been returned to the British Embassy in Moscow, as is customary in such cases. What security has any British subject abroad, if he or she can be denied such a status by the bare affirmation of the officials of a foreign Government? We submit that the issues involved in this case are therefore wider even than those resulting from the possible injustice to a woman whose life has been given to the cause of social emancipation.

But even on the narrower ground, we would plead that an effort be made to secure at least the fair and open trial to which one so accused is entitled. We who sign this letter have known Rose Cohen over a number of years in this country as a devoted worker in the cause of social justice. As a prominent member of the staff of the Labour Research Department for a long period during and after the war, she will be remembered by many Trade Unionists and social workers with admiration and regard. When she was last in this country a few years ago, on a visit from the Soviet Union, she professed, in spontaneous and enthusiastic terms, her convictions as to the validity and durability of the Soviet State under Stalin's leadership. We see no reason to suspect that she has reversed her views in this regard to such a degree as would lead her to embark on the perilous course of treason to that regime. And, if she had ever contemplated such a course, surely the last thing she would have done would have been to surrender the British nationality to which she might have looked for protection.

We therefore plead that on every ground this matter may be reopened, and express in addition our hope that those who have most influence in Soviet circles, many of whom were for years among Rose Cohen's most intimate friends, will actively interest themselves to secure her release or at least an open trial, in which she may be defended by a British counsel.

MONICA EWER
W. NORMAN EWER
T. M. HERON
C. E. M. JOAD
MAURICE B. RECKITT
B. N. LANGDON-DAVIES
CONRAD NOEL
RAYMOND POSTGATE
DAISY POSTGATE

Greenways,
Guildown, Guildford.

SULPHANILAMIDE

SIR,—In the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of November 12th there appears an advertisement of the Anti-Vivisection Society concerning the drug sulphanilamide and the cruelty of its experimental use on animals. It is of some interest to realise that this drug is considered to be one of the greatest discoveries ever recorded in medical research. It is almost unique among chemicals in exerting a direct effect in bacteria in the blood stream, and is

invaluable in the treatment of such infections as puerperal fever, acute endocarditis, and erysipelas.

It is regrettable that public exception should be taken to such an important discovery on purely sentimental grounds, and interesting that the purely humanitarian ideals of medical research should be attacked by such an utterly sentimental body.

Longcroft, Links Road, Epsom. D. SHAW

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Fog

Leaning over the parapet of the Pont Neuf, I watched a few swirls of vapour drift above the river, so ethereal and milky that they really only added to the cleanliness and elegance of Paris. A Frenchman beside me thought otherwise. "Voilà," he observed gloomily to his companion, "voilà ce qu' à Londres on appelle le fog."

I was amused by this remark, having a sudden vision of a midnight darkness descending on London at midday, diabolical with flares, congested with crawling traffic. There is a certain beauty in this black-and-red effect, however, although it may be denied to the choking yellow variety; and considerable beauty also in the white country fog, so long as it is not too thick. It must be transparent enough for us to discern the shapes of trees, their trunks sometimes cut off, so that nothing but the finely veined heads remain, untethered, as sometimes in a desert mirage the tops of mountains appear to float suspended above the solid earth. In this thin fog, familiar objects become invested with a new unreality: it is as though we were seeing them for the first time. *Dissimili non sono che nei sembianti*—a most profound remark. Even houses, the homes of men, become as suggestive as the unknown lives moving inside them. A side-road, opening and vanishing as we creep past, might lead into another and more desirable world. It is only when the shroud really comes down and we know that the thickening can only deepen with the failing daylight, that fog turns into the enemy, obliterating, instead of enchanting, our way.

Since such disadvantages are likely, indeed certain, to overwhelm our island at intervals during about six months of every year, upsetting the arrangements of thousands and even throwing them into actual danger, why may we not be given white kerb-stones along our country roads? The device is obvious and relatively inexpensive. There would be no need for the extravagance of a running curb everywhere; white, painted, upright stones, like miniature milestones, placed every few yards would be of enormous value to the motorist in fog. One knows the difficulty of trying to follow a grass verge; one knows also with what relief one hails a mere white line. Now in Italy where the peril of fog is practically nil, many of the main roads and bridges are ornamented by black and white striped stones, running for miles, for no reason that I can see except pure *bravura*. If Italy can afford this luxury, why can we not afford a similar necessity?

Sylva Cœdua

A small imitator of fog appears in autumn, not only in the early morning mists, but also in the smoke of bonfires burning (most uneconomically) leaves, haulms, and rubbish. The skill of the born countryman in building a fire out of the dampest material, a fire which will smoulder for days, even under rain, is an art which has to be learnt; it may not be so exact as the art of the charcoal-burner, who day and night must temper his pile to the wind, but it is ingenious enough. Very soon now an extra coil of bluer smoke will rise above the woods, and drift across the brown and yellow trees in that slow imperceptibly spreading way to which no other pace is comparable: it means that the wood-cutters are at work. Already the auctions of underwood have taken place in the local sale-rooms, and the underwood has been knocked down at sums varying from under five to perhaps twenty pounds an acre—it depends on the size and variety of the wood, but in any case provides an easy and recurrent income for the landowner. Chestnut ranks high, for spiles, poles, and fencing; birch comes much lower down, being no longer required for such purposes as the yokes of oxen, and finding very little use now save for children's toys, brooms, and handles. In Kent we reckon our wood by the cant, meaning the area between one ride and the next; I had always taken this term for granted, but realised that it must be a local expression when a sudden qualm made me look it up in the big Oxford Dictionary to discover that even in that majestic work it was not recorded in this connexion.

Coppice planting has a respectable ancestry, dating back to 1543 under the Statute of Woods, with subsequent encouragements. The first time I ever ordered a cant to be cut, I did so with dreadful misgivings, for I hate the sound of axe on timber, but now I welcome the annual arrival of the wood-cutters in my own woods, know that it will not impair but rather will enhance their beauty. From beginning to end the process is one long delight. I like to see the tree-trunks appearing suddenly in their naked couthness, and the ground exposed with all its system of rabbit-burries, hitherto concealed. I like the primitive traditional shelters that the men put up for their labours—four poles at the corners, and a roof of brushwood, looking oddly "native" in the woods of Kent. I like the rude mallets and tripods that they fashion from the material lying ready to hand. I like the quick skill with which they perform their work—the sharp slanting cut as low as possible, since tall cutting means gnarled stools ten or twelve years hence, and rough, unskilful cutting means rotting stools. I like knowing that, next spring, bluebells and foxgloves will appear in the clearings, where I have never seen them before. I like the men themselves, with their wise store of woodcraft and wood knowledge. All these things deeply satisfy my incurably Tory soul.

Besides, I like feeling that my woods are being properly used. I like the idea that the man (whoever he was), who planted my coppices in such orderly rows, is now looking down with approval from some better place, seeing that his plantings are regularly attended to every ten to fourteen years. He must have made his plantings at least a hundred years ago, and I hope he does not feel that he has secured too unworthy or too unappreciative a successor.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

ON THE FRONTIER

THE first night of *On The Frontier* was a great success at the Cambridge Arts Theatre. The play is precisely topical; for it deals not only with dictators and war, but boldly and sincerely with the problems which dictatorship and war have set for every member of the audience. The verse is admirable and the music effective. The play is well acted and beautifully staged; it is dramatically much more mature than *The Ascent of F.6*. For several scenes the stage is divided into two rooms separated by a symbolic frontier. We see the bourgeoisie of Osnia, a democracy, and Westland, a dictatorship, passing through the same grim cycle of war fever and war agony. Symbolically the frontier is bridged by the love of an Osnian girl and a Westland boy; in their frustrated lives we are shown the urge of the young and the thoughtful to unite across the barrier and to struggle, not against each other, but against the forces of violence that ruthlessly separate them.

There are limits to this expressionist drama, which Toller and others developed so successfully in Germany. It may be that great drama can only be achieved through the full and intimate characterisation of individuals. In this technique, so much influenced by the cinema, the forces of the world are

presented to us through types and choruses, not through the conflict they cause in particular individuals, and because no problem is completely resolved in any one personality, such plays leave one imperfectly satisfied. They should be considered and judged as pamphlets are judged—but some pamphlets that made history remain to be read as the best expression of troubled periods. In this play the dilemma of the idealist in war is intellectually worked out in the case of Eric Thorvald, but the stages by which he reaches his conclusion, and the emotions he passes through, cannot be revealed by more than hints. The choral interludes are designed to carry the imagination to the wider political battle. Four men, shadowy figures behind prison bars, breathe defiance from a concentration camp:

> Perhaps we shall die by a firing squad,
> Perhaps they will kill us, that won't be odd,
> But when we lie down with the earth on our face
> There will be ten men much better to fight in our place!

Then there are the dancers, who discuss with their partners their individual problems if there is war and will not heed those who call upon them to unite to prevent it, and there is a jolly interlude of fraternisation in the trenches.

The best scenes are those in which the Guidanto (esperanto for leader) postures and raves before the contemptuous captain of industry who thinks he controls his puppet dictator until he finds himself helpless to stop the war which the Guidanto's hysteria makes inevitable. The Guidanto is admirably played by Ernest Milton, and Wyndham Goldie is a powerful and cynical king of industry. Perhaps the best acting of the evening is Everley Gregg's characterisation of the thwarted maiden aunt, who finds an outlet for her emotions in a religious adoration of the Guidanto. In the flesh, the Guidanto whose voice over the wireless is a terribly accurate reminder of the voice from Nuremberg, is discovered as a persecuted and miserable man in an agony of indecision; shall he go down to history as a great leader in war or as a great maker of peace? The final decision, on which the survival of civilisation may depend, is purely subjective; an hysterical mood of horror at the responsibility thrown upon him is stiffened by sentimental music into a decision for a great gesture for peace, which is transformed with equal suddenness into a plunge into war when he is told that a provocative incident has occurred on the other side of the frontier. In their less hysterical way most people are like this: the great life and death decisions are made by most of us, not as a result of the deliberate balancing of facts, but by the sudden shift when the unstable equilibrium of our minds is changed at a critical moment by a delusion or an accident.

The play ends in a poem, recited by the young man and the girl who have loved across the frontier and been destroyed in the conflict. The man has striven as a pacifist to hold aloof from the dark forces of the world. He has been to prison and in prison reached a new decision. This poem is the most remarkable in the play and must be read at length in the book (*On the Frontier*, by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. *Faber*. 6*s*.). He declares that he was wrong to hope to maintain his independence "as the sane and innocent student aloof among practical and violent madmen."

> Yet we must kill and suffer and know why.
> All errors are not equal. The hatred of our enemies
> Is the destructive self-love of the dying,
> Our hatred is the price of the world's freedom.
> This much I learned in prison. This struggle
> Was my struggle. Even if I would
> I could not stand apart.

The conclusion of this? That national frontiers are artificial nonsense and the real struggle that between common people and those who rule them by money and fraud; that the individual who understands this is confronted with a terrible choice of evils and may be compelled to submit to the "necessary wrong" of killing his friends; but that he can always remember what he is fighting for and who his real enemies are; so that when the chance does come, hands may be joined across the trenches and a new world be founded out of common suffering and bitter experience. It is an infinitely tragic, but not a wholly pessimistic conclusion; the civilisation we know may die, but a new one may arise and those who would build it must take the path that brings them into contact, even though it is the contact of murder, with their friends in the trenches opposite to them. Many questions arise—one is whether we must wait for universal murder before we can speak to our friends? But Auden and Isherwood are postulating war, and their conclusion is as honest and outspoken as it is memorably phrased.

TOM PAINE

A QUICK LOOK ROUND

Collages, Papiers-Collés and Photo-Montages at the Guggenheim Jeune
Patricia Preece at the Leger
Soutine and Alison Debenham at the Storran

There is a well-known French proverb, which lacks an English equivalent, "Une femme ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a." Adapting this, one might say, "An art critic can give nothing but what he has felt." The arguments with which he supports his tastes may be psychologically interesting, and an exceptional critic, like Roger Fry, can thus infect us with something of his own enthusiasm. But ultimately most art-criticism can be resolved into "I like this better than that," and a parade of would-be scientific ratiocination rarely succeeds in encouraging people to enjoy pictures. Moreover, for his own convenience and for the reader's, the critic is obliged to use shorthand: he writes, that is, "This is a good picture," when he means "I like this picture, and I think other persons, that have spent as much time looking at pictures as I have, are also likely to like it, even if they do not do so at first sight; and what is more, the feelings it excites in me seem to be of a similar nature to those excited by other pictures which I like

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and which have generally been liked by those who like pictures." Some critics think that their judgments are less subjective than this, but none of them have persuaded me that he is right in so thinking.

After this preface, I can say with the hope of being understood, that some of the *collages* at 30 Cork Street are good, and others bad, and that this technique exposes sharply the differences in capacity among its practitioners. To the man in the street, it seems perverse in an artist that he should make a design with fragments of wall-paper, newspaper, wrapping-paper, etc., when he has pencils, pen and a paintbox at his elbow. But artists are very often perverse; and confronted with some of these constructions, I cannot put them, like naughty children, in the corner, I can only be grateful for the sight of such pleasure-giving objects. The big Gris, called *Le Socialiste*, a Braque (No. 12), and two of the Picassos give me a satisfaction like that which I experience in front of a Chardin. They are grave, musical, self-sufficient, engaging both my love of order and my love of variety. If you had given one of these men the most heterogeneous collection of objects, a fork, an ink-pot, an electric-light bulb, an insect, a sponge, a parsnip and a bicycle-bell, he would so arrange them in a pattern as to produce the complicated and still inadequately analysed emotion that we call "aesthetic" But hand the surrealist such a miscellany, and his methods and purpose will be different. He will aim at surprise and disquietude instead of at satisfaction. He will so arrange them that their forms are discordant instead of ordered, and he will extract some sexual symbolism from each. If one may bring Kipling up to date, "It's ugly, but is it art?" I think it is not, because the feelings aroused seem to be entirely unlike those aroused (except rarely or incidentally) by great works of art. The *collages* by Eluard and Breton are ingeniously amusing, but they differ, not in degree but in nature, from the *collages* by Picasso and Gris. Two paintings by Varda, *collages* by Schwitters, Laurens, Piper, Banting and Nigel Henderson, and objects by Halicka are worth enjoying, while the industry of Humphrey Jennings, for instance, and Laurence Vail, seems to me merely wasted. In which class is one to place the Baroness Freytog von Loringhoven? In the former, I think, but I am not sure: her madness has constructed objects painful and horrifying, but not frivolous.

Of Miss Patricia Preece's paintings I can make nothing, but I mention them because Mr. Clive Bell, for whose perceptiveness I have the greatest respect, writes a preface for her exhibition, praising "the ardour and energy of her feelings" and the obstinate sincerity of her pictures. I find myself uninfected by this ardour and energy, the existence of which, indeed, I should never have suspected. I can recognise only the sincerity. I feel that I am eating tepid suet, that I am dabbling my fingers in the fluffy dust that accumulates under beds in ill-cleaned rooms. Some of the portraits of humble people suggest an observant understanding of character, but the paint is as stodgy as a vicar's wife in a farce. I envy Mr. Bell his enjoyment, I recognise my faulty reception, and I recommend the reader to go to 13 Old Bond Street, and feel for himself.

At least I understand the enthusiasm of Soutine's admirers, though I do not fully share it. At his best (and the Storran Gallery is showing his best) he uses colour and texture resplendently. The closer one gets to these pictures, the greater their sensuous appeal. The *Veau Ecorché* is as sumptuous as a Shah Abbas carpet. Also in his portraits Soutine succeeds in conveying pathos or horror. He seems to be what psychologists call "ambivalent" in his feelings, he loves and hates simultaneously. A tornado blows through his landscapes, and all his pictures suggest a tormenting disequilibrium in their creator. Compared with Rouault, who similarly paints with consternation in rich pigment, Soutine seems abortive. But he is not a negligible painter—*son verre est fêté mais il boit dans son verre.*

Miss Alison Debenham is one of the few post-war painters of whom I can write with unforced admiration. She has a talent, no more so, I dare say, than a dozen of her contemporaries, but she makes the most of it. She paints without fear either of herself or of the public, she does not unduly seek to please, still less does she tumble into the fashionable fault of being frightened of pleasing. She has a rich sense of colour, her asymmetrical habit of design is always interesting, and the texture of her paint is always enjoyable. Some of her most gifted contemporaries suffer from a puritanism, instinctive or theoretical, and this is as grave a handicap as over-anxiety to please. (Has a good painter ever been a Puritan? The best I can think of is Philippe de Champaigne.) Miss Debenham enjoys the look of the world, and the material, paint, in which she works. We share her enjoyment. Like most charmers, she is erratic: thus, in *Gordon Square*, while the child and the background are a delight, the woman is awkward and cursory. But look at *The Beach*, *The Fish Shop*, *Walberswick*, *The Bath*, *Mrs. Rogers*. These are pictures that would illuminate a murky room, enliven a dull one; and none of them costs more than twenty pounds. It would be hard to find an investment to bring in so much assured interest.

ROGER MARVELL

WHAT IS TECHNIQUE

IN the Concise Oxford Dictionary technique is defined as (*a*) mode of artistic execution in music, painting, etc., and (*b*) mechanical skill in art. It is curious that there is no article on technique in Grove's Dictionary, third edition, since there is no subject on which misunderstanding is more common than the meaning of this word in relation to the arts. There is, therefore, real need for clarification of the vagueness of thought associated with the general use of this word. In the popular use, technique means mechanical skill, and many artists also use it with this meaning so as to make a division —which is made in the Shorter Oxford Dictionary—between "manner of . . . execution . . . in relation to formal or practical details as distinct from general effect, expression, sentiment, etc."

Thus, the average person speaking of a composer or a performer of music or of a painter will say "but he has an excellent technique," thereby meaning that whatever reservations are to be made on certain different and admittedly higher levels, the artist referred to has a certain mechanical prowess. I would not deny an element of truth to this distinction, but it can be very misleading and it can give rise to a complete misconception of what technique truly is. I have heard people say of the late Sir William Orpen: "But surely he could paint, he had a wonderful technique." Similarly one may hear Rimsky-Korsakov and Richard Strauss praised for their technique among composers, and one often hears it applied to singers, pianists, violinists and other instrumentalists. The very word virtuoso is now generally applied to a musician supposed to possess this exceptional technical prowess, and so, from its first meaning of "special knowledge or taste," it has been degraded to mean "skilled in the mechanical part of a fine art."

Now the truth is that there is no such thing as a purely mechanical part in any fine art. The *art* of music, said Berlioz once, consists in the combination of science, gift, experience and love. The love of music is, we all know, not enough to make a musician; the place for music-lovers is in the audience; they are the indispensable receivers of music. Recently at a concert a friend of mine, a musician, said to me apropos of a certain performance: "It is the performance of a music-lover, not of a musician." The remark was absolutely just. The performer was lacking in gift, in science and in experience, but played with some taste and feeling. At the opposite pole we get a certain quantum of science and of gift plus a vast amount of application but no real experience and no love. It is to such that the word virtuoso is commonly misapplied, and long ago I suggested that the proper word for such a performer was trashoso.

In the practice of any art the so-called technique is not to be separated from the other elements. You cannot apply a detached and ready-made "technique" to the artistic problems involved in any work of art. That is why no amount of drudgery at the keyboard will in itself make a true virtuoso. Nor will any amount of practice at painting or at composing enable the worker to produce great works of art. Technique, truly understood, consists in the proper solving of artistic problems, and it is the artistic aim that controls and evolves the technique, not *vice-versa*. Strictly speaking, therefore, there is no such thing as an inferior artist with a superior technique. The instrumentalists who occasionally seem to dazzle the layman with displays of technique do not dazzle their less ignorant colleagues. It will be found—if they are inferior artists—that their performances are inadequate in so many details as to be unsatisfactory from every point of view. In my own experience only Heifetz and Rachmaninov could be said to be instrumentalists who were great technicians without perhaps being great artists; but here one is speaking of a superlative degree of musicianship in which gift, science, experience and perhaps some love are blended. On these higher levels the degree of gift and some mysterious element we may call "personality" enter.

The false conception current of technique as a mechanical prowess to be applied to the production of music or art has one rather dangerous consequence. It has led in this country to the false glorification of the "amateur" as distinguished from the professional musician, and it has caused some English musicians and writers to say that they prefer amateur to professional performances. By this they even mean inferior to superior playing. Dr. Vaughan Williams in a recent article seems to be of the opinion that it is better for music to be played badly than not at all. But perhaps I am misunderstanding him, and what he is really meaning is that it is better for music to be played imperfectly than not at all. If, however, he means this, I think it does not need saying, for music is always—even under the best of circumstances, even by Schnabel and Toscanini—played imperfectly.

True virtuosity consists in the successful realisation of the musical conceptions and in nothing else. It is not because of a mechanical technique applied to the composition of a symphony that Beethoven's C minor symphony is a masterpiece of design and execution. Beethoven had to invent and develop his technique as he went along in order to achieve his ideas. He never learnt it as a method from anybody, not even from himself. The same is true of playing the pianoforte. Otherwise the pupils of the great masters would be as good as they are.

To reproduce adequately the sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert on the pianoforte demands a true virtuoso. It cannot be done by "amateurs," and it cannot be done even by great scholars and brilliant musicians merely by their scholarship or brilliance. To prove this one only has, for example, to hear Sir Donald Tovey play Beethoven. But, as I have already said, all performances are to some extent imperfect; that is one reason why it is such fun performing the same works over and over again, for the masterpieces of music truly seem to be inexhaustible in their hidden wealth. Technique lies in the successful solution of an artistic problem, but it cannot be separated from a particular problem and applied mechanically to another. The artists who do this may be said to be essentially defective and their work will be dead.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Ballet at Sadler's Wells

Frederick Ashton's new ballet, *Harlequin in the Street*, which has the advantage of a gay and vivid setting by André Derain, is slight but full of ingenious detail. It holds one's interest and an excellent part had been contrived for a new member of the company, Frank Staff, who was positively brilliant as a Bread

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One more pitiless blow has been dealt to the lives and homes of half a million human beings—the Jews of Germany. Already denied almost everything that makes life worth living, they are now faced with moral and material enslavement. Before it is too late we must save all whom it is possible to rescue—especially the young.

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Boy. This young dancer whom we remember at the Ballet Club, has an extraordinary sense of rhythm and ought to prove a great acquisition to the company. June Brae (La Superbe) continues to develop and both she and Alan Carter (Harlequin) danced with taste. The music, taken from keyboard pieces by Couperin (1668–1733), has been skilfully orchestrated by Gordon Jacob and is perfectly delightful. Such music is ideally suited to dancing.

"Alerte en Méditerranée," at the Berkeley

At the moment of writing this is the best full-length film to be seen in the West End. It combines the thrill and suspense of dramatic cinema with something of the truth and topical interest of a good documentary. A tramp with a suspicious cargo (chlorine) evades the scrutiny of the authorities by flying the yellow flag; in spite of the resultant quarantine her disreputable doctor goes ashore and gets drunk at a sailors' café in Tangier; just as he is on the point of an indiscretion, a brawl conveniently flickers up and he is stabbed, fatally, in the back. The sailors in the café come from three warships on Mediterranean patrol duty: French, German, and British. Throughout the film excellent play is made with national types, superficially different but easily adjustable—until trouble comes. Delightfully authentic, for instance, are their various shore leave instructions: the German emphasis on discipline, the French on loyalty, the Englishman's "Remember that you represent the old country now, and keep out of rows with fellow matelots." For a time the men fraternise as happily as could be wished, and a brilliantly directed sequence shows each crew putting on an amateur song and dance turn. (Meanwhile, a chance encounter arouses in the three officers a sympathy based on the nomadic lives they are all compelled to lead). But the surface of international goodwill is soon shattered by the café brawl; members of each crew are suspected, and all their latent national hostility comes naked to the surface. Education and breeding keep the officers sane for a little; but before long they too are caught in the web of suspicion and childish recrimination. Even when the facts are cleared up and the sailors acquitted they refuse to bury the hatchet; here the psychology seems a little strained. It takes a catastrophe to restore their mutual respect, and the film reaches an impressive climax in a poison-gas rescue story so well done that we forget the improbability of the scientific premises and even the sentimentality which places the French captain's wife and son on the liner he is racing to save. The frame of the story is conventional enough, but it is filled by recognisable human beings, and there emerges a sense of the common cause of humanity transcending petty national spites which recalls *Kameradschaft*. A tract for the times, however deaf the ears on which it will fall. The three officers are excellently played by Kim Peacock, Pierre Fresnay and Rolf Wanka, and Leo Joannon's direction moves firmly and without waste to its solemn conclusion: the camera swinging out to sea while the receding trumpet plays the Last Post.

London Scientific Film Society

On Sunday afternoon, the London Scientific Film Society held its first performance. The Society aims at raising the standard of films and enlightening the general public on contemporary scientific work. No one could cavil at the quality of the films shown, but they might have been seen at any film Society. Of the seven films, three were documentary, two Gaumont British Instructional, one a very popular, though amusing, animated cartoon—*How the Motor Works*, and one a mathematical illustration. *Normandie* (1932) was well worth showing for its use of diagrams; the Shell Marketing Film, *Oil From the Earth*, and the G.P.O., *We Live In Two Worlds*, were good though not particularly scientific. (But why must nearly all documentaries be accompanied by musical obbligatos and vocal dramatics?) The excellent Gaumont British Instructionals were both nature subjects—*Sea Urchins* and *Seed Dispersal By Wind*. Popular versions of both, with the usual facetious commentary and musical background, have been issued to public cinemas. It is surprising that the industry continues to underrate the intelligence and stamina of the ordinary film audience, and we are sure that the public of the Curzon, for instance, would prefer the "Educational" Editions. The gap between these films and *The Equation* $X+X=O$ was indeed great. This film must have been meaningless to all but the very mathematical section of the audience, as it was silent and captionless. Nevertheless, it was of interest as a demonstration of how the film might be used by lecturers in mathematics. It is to be hoped that, in future, the admirable aims of the Society will be more closely reflected in their Sunday afternoon programmes.

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SOUTH AFRICA

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, November 20th—
- Prof. G. W. Keeton: "The English Tradition," Conway Hall, 11.
- "Lenin in October," Film Society, New Gallery, 2.30.

MONDAY, November 21st—
- J. M. Blackburn: "Crowd Psychology," 8 Portman Street, 7.
- Debate between Sir Norman Angell and Lord Ponsonby on the motion "That Pacifists should support collective security as the best available means to peace." Birkbeck College, 8.
- Recital by Arthur Rubenstein, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

TUESDAY, November 22nd—
- A. Herbert Gray: "A Christian Pacifist and the Crisis," Friends House, 1.20.
- Dr. Maurice Bonn: "The Passing of Empire," Conway Hall, 7.

WEDNESDAY, November 23rd—
- G. Soloveytchik: "Recent Economic Developments in Soviet Russia," London School of Economics, 5. And on Nov. 30th.
- Hampstead Left Book Club Meeting: "Freedom or Fascism," Town Hall, 8.
- D. Graham Hutton: "The Colonial Problem," Herne Hill Congregational Church, 8.
- Prof. J. W. Scott: "The Economic Basis of Community," Dick Sheppard Centre, 52 Queensway, 8.
- Prof. S. Stebbing: "Dialectical Materialism." Conway Hall, 8.
- Prof. Winifred Cullis: "The Film in Education," Chemistry Theatre, University College, 8.15.
- B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

THURSDAY, November 24th—
- Opening of Exhibition of pictures by Jan Kurzke. 2 Bennet St., St. James's.
- Public meeting: "Britain and Abyssinia: 1935-1938." Central Hall, 8.
- Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison: "When and How a Renaissance?" Friends House, 8.30.

FRIDAY, November 25th—
- Commander Stephen King-Hall will open a Discussion on "The Citizen and National Service," London School of Economics, 8.
- Fabian Nursery Dance, Suffolk Galleries, 8. Tickets, 2s. 6d. from Fabian Society.
- Recital of Soviet Music, Cowdray Hall, Henrietta Place, W.1., 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"THE Duke lost his state, his personal possessions and his liberty, and none of his enterprises have been completed." There would be nothing for us to regret in an Italian Duce being cast into the dungeons of Loches if he had not been Leonardo da Vinci's employer. The huge horse which was to be a memorial to the Duke's father had occupied years of Leonardo's life: the clay model had been made and there are many notes about the casting, which would doubtless have been completed if the cannon foundries had not had a prior claim on bronze. "Of the horse I will say nothing, as I know the times . . ." runs a fragmentary note addressed to the Duke. Then came defeat, the surrender of Milan and an irruption of foreign men-at-arms, who amused themselves by shooting the clay model full of arrows. Years of work were wasted, the pages of notes about the casting would never be needed, but without recording either disappointment or regret, Leonardo went to Rome and continued, one must think happily, his infinitely various researches. Altogether of his undoubted work only about a dozen pictures are in existence. He was not a prolific painter, for the range of his genius was too great for him to confine himself to any art or science. We know him best from his surviving notebooks, in which he jotted down, pell-mell, without order, his observations. Thirty-two years ago, in the piping days of liberalism and peace, Mr. Edward MacCurdy published a volume entitled *Leonardo da Vinci's Notebooks*, which I have read and re-read many times. It was actually only a small selection: he now offers us a magnificent edition, *The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci* (Cape, two vols., £3 3s.). The compilation has been a difficult task, since the notes have to be arranged in order of subject if their value is to be appreciated. Even after the greatest skill has been spent in their arrangement, they are often tantalising. But they show the nature of Leonardo's greatness and the astonishing leaps forward of his mind.

* * *

His desire to understand the human model led him from painting to the study of anatomy, which he soon pursued for its own sake, and fearlessly at a time when dissection was forbidden by the Church. Indeed, Leonardo was denounced for practising dissection, and had to leave Rome on that account. The chief point which strikes one about him as an anatomist is that he was always employing the method of comparison, which is at the basis of every advance in knowledge. After dissecting a man, he dissected a woman, after a centenarian, a child. Normal tissues had to be compared with those diseased. The comparative anatomy of human beings and animals followed, the knowledge so gained being sometimes used to draw monsters—e.g., a human foot with bear's claws. The dissection of a child in the womb was well done, though, as was to be expected, he made a good many mistakes in embryology. He planned a book which, beginning with conception, should trace the development of the embryo till birth, the growth of the child to maturity, the comparative anatomy of man and woman, ending with the expression of the emotions and the nature of the senses. In a single page he gives as good an account of the essential fact of physiology as could well be written: that is to say of the metabolism of the body, and actually compares its products with the smoke of the candle. It was perhaps a lucky chance that he made the comparison; he did not guess that the burning candle and the living animal are examples of the same chemical process which results in the formation of identical products. But Leonardo was always making lucky shots of this sort: he was always leaping forward three or four centuries. As Mr. MacCurdy says:

> That a single mind could conceive and anticipate the growth of knowledge at such divers points as the circulation of the blood, the heliocentric theory, the law of inertia, the camera obscura, is only to be believed because evidence for it exists.

* * *

His work in natural science seems to me most impressive just where one would expect it to be weakest: in speculations about the history and formation of the earth. This is because he assumes without question that the agencies which have led to the formation of the earth's structure are still active; and that geological processes must be interpreted from the forces which are now in operation. He believed, it is true, in a mysterious medieval harmony in nature which led him to adopt ideas such as that of water *rising* in the mountains like blood in the veins, of gold growing in veins and of the living stone growing round ancient columns. But his account of denudation, of the effects of rivers in valleys, could not be better. Even more remarkable are his arguments about fossil shellfish and leaves. Mr. Edmund Gosse records regretfully in *Father and Son* how orthodoxy triumphed over the love of science in his father, who resolved the fossil difficulty by the hypothesis that God had put fossils in the rocks to try the faith of geologists. The normal view, of course, was that they were evidence of the Flood. Leonardo measured the movements of whelks and proved they could not have travelled more than a few feet in forty days, and elaborately uses fossils to disprove the hypothesis of the Deluge:

> How the rivers have all sawn through and divided the members of the great Alps one from another; and this is revealed by the arrangement of the stratified rocks, in which from the summit of the mountain down to the river one sees the strata on one side of the river corresponding with those on the other. How the stratified rocks of the mountains are all in layers of mud deposited one above another by the floods of the rivers. How between the various layers of the stone are still to be found the tracks of the worms which crawled about upon them when it was not yet dry. How all the marine clays still contain shells, and the shell is petrified together with the clay.

* * *

Such brilliant fresh observation of what was there to be seen under everyone's nose is a far greater mark of genius than Leonardo's mechanical contrivances and projects. The flying machines must have taken up a lot of his time, and there were many different versions, some with wings like bats, others with flapping sails and others with screw propellers. The hope of making such a machine led him to observe the flight of birds, though he made strange mistakes—including that of stating (probably on the authority of Pliny) that fish could move faster through the water than birds through air. But he describes the leaping salmon well. Notes of submarines, diving suits, armoured cars and poison gas and similar projects likely to appeal to his employers, sprinkle his pages. There is the stray remark: "The sun does not move itself," which makes one's heart miss a beat with astonishment. Except for the pictures and drawings and these notebooks, all this genius might seem to have been wasted by the senseless fighting little Duces he worked for, Cesare Borgia among them. Leonardo's genius, as many have pointed out, was curiously like Goethe's. But he seems to have lacked Goethe's warmth and humanity. He wrote a peculiarly repulsive letter after his brother had become the father of a son, which ends:

> You have been congratulating yourself in having created a watchful enemy, who will strive with all his energies after liberty, which can only come into being at your death.

It is possible this was a joke: Leonardo had a remarkable sense of humour. He reminds one of one of Shakespeare's clowns in the story of the poor man who came to gaze at a lord without making any petition, and explained that it gave him pleasure to look at people who were grander than himself, whereas the lord could only look at people who were of less account than himself, and consequently lords were cut off from this pleasure. And the same sort of joke is to be found among many of Leonardo's prophecies, which are absurd for the sake of absurdity. These volumes are well illustrated, but a companion volume with all the relevant drawings and diagrams would be extremely helpful. Perhaps Mr. MacCurdy will one day give it us.

DAVID GARNETT

THE CHRONICLES OF A SINGLE SOUL

Pilgrimage. By DOROTHY RICHARDSON. 4 vols. *Dent and Cresset Press.* 30*s.*

I wonder how many readers of this review read any of the parts of *Pilgrimage*, as they came out. The first chapter, *Pointed Roofs*, was published in 1915, the last, *Dimple Hill*, a few weeks ago, in this omnibus volume; in between stretch twenty-five tumultuous years—years full of war, strikes, revolutions, Expressionism, Picasso, Stravinsky, James Joyce, Hemingway, Hitler, gangsters, and Surréalisme—years into which Miss Richardson, from some secret fastness, from time to time dropped a chapter of her immense novel. Only two of these pebbles made any noise in falling: *Pointed Roofs* and *The Tunnel*. Those did create a certain stir, followed by widening rings of influence, which—like all influences—worked in silence. Mrs. Woolf, let us say, took a peep, and went her way. Others, of less importance, admired and picked up a hint or two. In time even the admirers ceased to talk about *Pilgrimage*; they read, and in silence went back to their own work. Even when the shelf was nearly full of volumes labelled "Dorothy Richardson," few critics were aware of how much of what they admired (or disliked) in the "subjective" school was due to the discreet trickle of Miss Richardson's output.

Now, however, that the entire work is at last complete, it is possible to estimate its value, as well as its historical importance. To read the first two pages of *Pointed Roofs* is to realise how startling, how new this sort of thing must have seemed to English readers in 1915. The characters and events simply occur, they are not presented; the world of the novel—a not very well-off middle class milieu *circa* 1910—slowly materialises, like a photographic print in a bath of hypo. That image has a double aptitude, for it indicates another of the book's chief qualities—that of establishing, with pointillist minuteness, the *taste* of every-day life in the England of those days: gas-light, fuss over difficult grates, the housemaid's "box," the tight clothes, the fog, the grime, the mahogany and brass Kodaks, the horse buses, the Fabian Society and its be-jibbahed ladies, Heller's "Sleepless Nights" and Valses by Rodolphe Berger strummed through on an upright piano; the stodgy, indigestible food. There is no plot, only people whose lives go on; and what cohesion there is is supplied by one character, Miriam, who is constant to all the chapters and through whose eyes alone the others exist. Yet she herself is an uncertain centre, for the quality of Miss Richardson's vision is such that her chief character tends to dissolve into whatever it is she happens to be doing or watching at the moment. Nevertheless, Miriam is real and she succeeds in holding one's interest (no mean feat in a novel of nearly 2,000 pages!); but she is not very clearly *placed*, either within or without—as Fraulein Pfaff did not fail to point out. We see her always in a temporary light—as a dentist's assistant (especially in *The Tunnel*, one of the most fascinating chapters of all), rushing about someone else's business, stooping to light the fire in a nasty little bedroom in Mrs. Bailey's lodging house, perching desultorily in a country house, in a suburban drawing-room, listening to the brilliant talk of the young H. G. Wells ("Hypo") and keeping her end up in argument with him, attending meetings of the "Lycurgans," being taken to hear Wagner, absorbing the atmosphere of a German girls' school (*Pointed Roofs*), yielding to the beauty and exhilaration of a Swiss winter (*Oberland*)—but nearly always with reference to someone else: a beloved sister, some clinging friend (a suffragette, a consumptive), some selfish man, some mysterious moment of existence which absorbs her into itself and leaves her too little scope for taking a line that might land her safely in the homely security she never ceases to envy. All this distils a peculiar poetry and gives moreover an extraordinarily thorough impression of London and its ruthless impact on the lonely soul—a soul too intelligent and too modest to doubt the inevitability of its fate as a consumer of endless rolls and glasses of milk in ABC shops. For Miriam is no parasite. There are few leisured people in her world (those there are she favours with a tart but tolerant gaze), and her own life is one of constant but not uninteresting work, punctuated by the brief ecstasy of deserved holidays.

But, I hear someone asking, are the characters *interesting?* Well, fairly: is my answer. Readers will probably differ on this point, according to the worlds they themselves happen to inhabit. But nobody could say the characters are not well observed. The lodging house circle is as amusingly distinct as that of the Maison Vauquer; the dentists and doctors—the jovial, busy Hancock, the noble Densley—are admirably vivid; so is Michael Shatov, the Russian Jew—perhaps the sharpest outline in the book and certainly the most interesting. Miss Richardson has a developed sense of humour and her earlier chapters—especially *Backwater*, *The Tunnel*, and *Deadlock*—are perpetually leavened by it. The dialogue here is highly characterised and helps to give solidity to the vague structure of events. But as the book progresses, the writer seems to lose grip of her style. The vitality ebbs, the "stream of consciousness," with its rows of dots, changes, and the open-work aspect of the page gradually thickens into the opacity of a page of Proust, while the thought itself becomes hopelessly etiolated, so that in the end we find ourselves listening to a kind of murmuring soliloquy, like a parody of the later Henry James. Up to the end of *Oberland* (over three-quarters of the way through the book), all is well; but with *Dawn's Left Hand* the rot sets in, and in the last two chapters the jungle has become so thick that one has the greatest difficulty in distinguishing any trees at all, and the infrequent scraps of dialogue stand up out of the obscure verbal morass with the inappropriate simplicity of naked babies. One result of this deplorable decadence is that the characterisation gradually furs up and the book forthwith loses interest and momentum. The last chapters are practically static.

Why did this happen? I cannot but feel that the failure of *Pilgrimage* to mature up to its conclusion is due to the deliberate lack of plot. Like that kind of modern music (e.g. Schönberg) which eschews sensuous appeal, *Pilgrimage* as a whole possesses too little dramatic interest, either overt or suggested. The characters go dead because not enough is done to them. That may be in accord with Miss Richardson's theory of life, but it hardly fits the facts. In any case, though there may be no plots in life (and this is questionable), novels that attempt to do without them fail to catch life's peculiar mordancy—whatever else they may catch; and that is because in fact only artificially heightened encounters can render that paramount quality. I believe this to be one of the mysterious rules of the novelist's art, and nothing is gained by trying to ignore it in the interests of method.

Yet what an absorbing, extraordinary novel this is! Its prolixity may exasperate brisk persons in these anxious times; and probably the book is best kept for a quieter day. But I do not think it will die. There is in Miss Richardson something uncompromising that compels attention. In pursuit of a vision of life, she has refused to be distracted by worlds not her own; and this exclusiveness is a virtue in a writer so devoted to recapturing something not only individually and vividly apprehended, but of an extended validity. She is a real writer and a long-range one, albeit not of the first order, and her honesty of purpose—retained over twenty-five bewildering years—will win her readers when the world she describes has become a secondary theme in the legend of the century. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

FOR AND AGAINST

Russia Under Soviet Rule. By N. DE BASILY. *Allen and Unwin.* 18*s.*

Russia Without Illusions. By PAT SLOAN. *Muller.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Soviet Trade and Distribution. By L. E. HUBBARD. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

If all the books about Russia which claim to be objective were placed end to end, they would almost bridge the gulf between capitalism and communism. M. de Basily's book is described as "a synthesis of unbiased specialised investigation." Lack of bias in this particular author, if it existed, would indeed be praiseworthy. A Russian "of Liberal viewpoint," he held various important positions in his country's diplomatic service before the Revolution. He was the intimate collaborator of the Foreign Minister Sazonov and had the task of drawing up the Tsar's Act of Abdication. This book is based on the results of a diligent combing of Soviet publications—a labour of patience rather than of love, in which a number of fellow exiles have assisted.

In point of fact, M. de Basily is not even as unbiased as the Irish judge who, in the interests of fair play, took a middle course between partiality and impartiality. In hardly a single page has he succeeded in concealing his antipathy to the Soviet Government. There is scarcely an aspect of Soviet life—economic, social or cultural—about which he has not found something unpleasant to say. Occasionally the fire of his resentment breaks through

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SECKER AND WARBURG

in heated words, and in a brief couple of paragraphs he talks of "wild dreams," "crazy projects" and "orgies."

His criticisms of Soviet Russia are set against a back-cloth of rose-tinted Tsarism. Pre-Revolution Russia, he tells us, "was definitely moving towards liberty and democracy." Anyone who has watched the definite movement of a stalactite towards a stalagmite will understand what he means. He writes, almost incredibly, of "the eagerness for knowledge which literally carried the Russian masses off their feet at the end of the last century."

In dealing with Soviet activities, he gives grudging praise where it is absolutely unavoidable and lavish blame whenever possible. He takes the view that Soviet industrialisation was criminally rapid, since its cost in human suffering was out of all proportion to the results obtained, and he believes that the average worker lived much better under Tsarism than under Stalin's Socialism. He dismisses the achievements of the greatest industrial revolution the world has known in the sentence

> When Russia's known natural resources are taken into account, its startling economic advancement no longer appears at all miraculous but rather as a natural phenomenon and simple consequence of existing riches, which are there for the taking.

Remarkable though many of the statements are in M. de Basily's book, it is not a work to be lightly ignored. Its facts and arguments have, in general, been marshalled with great skill, and represent the fruit of an impressive thoroughness. The book is one of the most complete, sustained, and formidable attacks on the Soviet Union which have yet been published. I doubt if even the most exuberant and convinced supporter of the Soviet regime could read it without experiencing a sedative effect. There is an answer to nearly all of it, but not an easy answer. I believe that no serious student of Soviet affairs can afford to neglect it.

Indeed, with all respect, I would strongly recommend Mr. Pat Sloan to read M. de Basily. I say "with all respect" because Mr. Sloan knows the Soviet Union as M. de Basily can never hope to know it and as only a handful of people in this country do know it. From 1931 to 1936 he lived and worked there. At one time he was a trade union organiser. He conveys the atmosphere of Russia wholly admirably. He has a complete answer to many of the accusations which have been levelled at the Soviet. His chapter on the silly utterances of people who have sought a paradise in Russia and come away "disillusioned" is good.

Nevertheless, in his way Mr. Sloan is almost as unobjective as M. de Basily. His *Russia Without Illusions* comes dangerously near to being "Russia Without Discrimination." He looks on the bright side of everything. He does not hide the weaknesses of modern Russia, but he explains them away. Fundamentally, his picture of the Soviet Union is accurate, but he has touched it up and given it a glossy finish.

Few people who have travelled on the Volga can forget the appalling conditions in which peasants are herded like animals on the steamers. No fair-minded person would dream of blaming the Soviet for these conditions. Travelling peasants have always been treated like cattle in Russia, and you cannot change everything at once. But Mr. Sloan goes further—he says "the accommodation did not strike me as being too bad."

He writes:

> I attended the cinema . . . and saw an amusing Soviet comedy about a young worker with an invention; a bureaucrat, determined to steal from him all credit and financial gain; a love interest that did not, as in a capitalist film, end happily ever after; and a good deal of happy knockabout fun.

Heaven help us, we have seen such "amusing comedies"—but why pretend we like them?

As for the "magnificent public gardens" which aroused Mr. Sloan's admiration at Rostov-on-Don, their most remarkable feature is surely the collection of pseudo-classical plaster casts which obtrude themselves at every corner as though to show the world that Culture has Come to Communism.

These are small points, of course, but they are indicative of Mr. Sloan's attitude. In the circumstances, it is not surprising to find that his views on the question of freedom and the trials are just as uncritical. Mr. Sloan, at least, has no haunting fear that the purge in Russia has gone far beyond the elimination of enemies of the Soviet system and has included vast numbers whose only offence was a disinclination to toe the Party line. He does not think, as some weaklings do, that it is better to be wrong than regimented.

I wish I could be persuaded to feel as happy about political events inside Russia as Mr. Sloan does. I wish I could believe that freedom of thought does not matter when the "scientifically correct point of view" is being taught. I wish I could believe that, once capitalism is out of the way, there is nothing fundamental to disagree about. But there it is. Obviously, I lack faith.

Mr. Hubbard appears to attain the objectivity which eluded M. de Basily and Mr. Sloan. *Soviet Trade and Distribution* is the serious and conscientious work that we should expect from its title and is a worthy successor to *Soviet Money and Finance*, which was published in 1936. Mr. Hubbard's conclusions are not flattering to the Soviet regime, but they are arrived at without heat. His book can be confidently recommended to all who are interested in the economics of trade in Russia.

PAUL WINTERTON

CIGARETTE CARDS OF LONDON

High Street. By J. M. RICHARDS. Illustrated by ERIC RAVILIOUS. *Country Life.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Silent Traveller in London. By CHIANG YEE. *Country Life.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Zoo. By LOUIS MACNEICE. Illustrated by SYLVIA BAKER. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

London Guyed. Ed. by WILLIAM KIMBER. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

All of these books deal, in one way or another, with London. I say in one way or another, because the books do not overlap, but they have a common quality. They look for prettiness in an unprepossessing subject. London itself, all London, is too vast and drably forbidding to be tackled by anyone except an antiquarian or a reformer—in its past, that is, or its future; those who attempt to report the present find their view narrowing down to Embankment seats, faces in pubs or the boats on the Serpentine. In the pursuit of such minuscules, the writer is, after all, no different from the average Londoner, for whom the pigeons mean more than St. Paul's. The larger and drearier the view, the brighter the pinpoint on which he focuses attention. Possibly for this reason the most restricted of the above books is also easily the best: Mr. Richards' and Mr. Ravilious' *High Street*. They have chosen those shop windows which reappear in innumerable London high streets—the butcher's, the chemist's, the undertaker's—and made a collection of them, as a child might of postage stamps. So gay and vivid are the illustrations that they surprise the reader like the shops themselves when they light up on a foggy morning. The book is designed for children, who will love it, but it is more than a picture book. If one wanted a single word for these impressions of Mr. Ravilious (on which, it seems, he has spent a year) it would be "hilarious"; there is wit and elegance, as well as gaiety, in every line. How well he has caught the undertaker's window, with its urn, its listening cherub, its everlastings like forgotten birthday cakes; the empty blaze of a pintable saloon; the rows of hams, yellow, brown and black, displayed at Christmas; the chemist's, still dimly lit when the moon rises; old furniture piled up under a corrugated iron roof; a Strand oyster-shop; a St. James coachbuilder (cars on the ground floor, coaches above). For one or two of the more old-fashioned shops, the family butcher's, for example, which makes a delightful frontispiece, he has had to go into the country towns. But most of them will be found in London. How many people will recall, till they meet them again here, the clerical outfitter's (spread eagles in the background), Buzzard's, Bassett Lowke's, the interior of the Theatrical Properties? Had you forgotten the word "plumassier," or the card "Distance no object" displayed by the undertaker? Such details add to the book's charm. The only window I had never come across myself was the submarine engineers'; a diver in full kit kneeling on the ocean bed. Mr. Ravilious might perhaps have enlarged a little more on the new (there is a machine shop in the Euston Road fantastically lit at night), otherwise he has done his work perfectly. And for once the text is both appropriate and good. Mr. Richards has collected the facts to put next to the pictures, and he conveys them in language which a child will understand. They are exceedingly interesting. He tells us how carcases of meat are prepared, how bread is baked, how in 1830 Augustus Siepe invented the modern diving suit. And we learn that at Bassett Lowkes' there are two sets of passengers for railway platforms—the more expensive consisting of Bernard Shaw, Charlie Chaplin, Lloyd George, Baldwin, Amy Johnson and Ramsay MacDonald.

High Street is what is called a "slim volume." If Mr. Chiang Yee's *The Silent Traveller in London* had been as slim, it would almost certainly have been as good. Last year he published a

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6. Excellently written (SUNDAY TIMES)

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THE CRESSET PRESS

delightful little volume on a tour of the Lake District. It was just right in length, in lightness, in the amount of originality Mr. Yee could draw from his impressions. His book on London is much longer. Why? Simply that he feels London is a big subject, that there is more to be said. But in fact he *feels* far less that is worth recording about London than he did about the Lakes. He is good on the Heath, the Parks, a snowfall and walking home by moonlight; many will like his references to Chinese poetry; now and then his observation of people is quietly arresting. And there are delicious water-colours, one of geese by the lake in Regent's Park, another of Trafalgar Square under fog. If that were all! But he goes on to sketch nondescript portraits of public men, to fill out essays with commonplaces on the seasons, men and women, West and East. It is a pity, for such ingenuousness very nearly spoils the charm of the book. As a painter Mr. Yee owes much to the tradition of leaving blank spaces in a picture: why not do the same with his prose?

Mr. MacNeice unashamedly dilutes. *Zoo* is a mixture of brilliant reporting, slick moralising, and personal gossip, which shifts from the level of his own poetry to Mr. Beverley Nichols' Sunday page. So long as he is looking at the animals in Regent's Park he is excellent: he has a sharp image for each of them. His personal note (my Borzoi, what I had for dinner) is not so appealing. His literary gush appals:

> The pleasure of dappled things, the beauty of adaptation to purpose, the glory of extravagance, classic elegance or romantic nonsense and grotesquerie—all these we get from a Zoo. We react to these with the same delight as to new potatoes in April speckled with chopped parsley, or to the lights at night on the Thames of Battersea Power House, or to cars sweeping their shadows from lamp-post to lamp-post down Haverstock Hill or to brewers' drays or to lighthouses and searchlights or to a newly-cut lawn or to a hot towel or a friction at the barbers or to Moran's two classic tries at Twickenham in 1937 or to the smell of dusting powder in a warm bathroom or to . . .

And so on, five more lines. He leaves the animals "saying to themselves complacently (if they say anything at all): 'Le Zoo, c'est moi!'" Mr. MacNeice disliked having this book classified by his publisher as Belles Lettres; why, it is rather difficult to see.

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G. W. STONIER

ROYAL PORTRAITS

James I of England. By CLARA and HARDY STEEHOLM. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

Ludwig I of Bavaria. By COUNT CORTI. *Thornton Butterworth.* 18*s.*

The first King James of England, the sixth King James of Scotland, has not been very fairly treated by historians. That is one reason for welcoming a biography of him in which his character and achievements are sympathetically studied. The authors, whom I assume to be American from their style of writing and from their list of acknowledgments, which include some to American librarians and professors, have discovered through long and industrious research more to James's credit than the Authorised Version of the Bible. Nevertheless, their attitude towards him is not as subservient as he would have wished. He once complained in a letter to the Privy Council of the impudent criticism of members of the Lower House. "Our fame and our actions have been tossed about like tennis balls among them, and all that spite and malice durst do to disgrace and infame us hath been used." Yet the language in which he was rebuked for impugning the ancient liberties of the English people, and for squandering their money on Court festivities and Court favourites was temperate and polite in comparison with that employed by the Steeholms. "I wish you had kept a better form," James remarked acidly in a speech to the Commons. "I like form as much as matter. It shows respect, and I expect it, being a king well born (suppose I say it) as any of my progenitors." The form of this biography is not up to James's standard. But that was dictated by a belief in the sacrosanctity of an anointed monarch. These irreverent Americans hold that a cat may look at (and into) a king.

They have shown good judgment in quoting extensively from James's writings and contemporary records of his sayings, for these in the main substantiate their conclusions and inspire confidence in the veracity of their portrait. The excerpts from the *Basilikon Doron*, the treatise on monarchy which James wrote for the edification of his son Henry, printed in the Appendix, certainly confirm their theory that a craving for love, for approval, for approbation, was at the root of all James's actions, whether wise or foolish. "Let me never apprehend that ye disdain my form, and undervalue my qualities," he wrote to Somerset. The chief factor in the downfall of this dearly loved favourite was that he did not heed the warning, and made his contempt for James, his physical repulsion to him, perfectly clear. James was once fond of Prince Henry, but directly he became aware that Henry disapproved of his association with Somerset his affection changed to dislike. He preferred "Babie Charles," who praised and flattered him. James had no self-assurance. He was fundamentally timid and diffident, and needed approval to bolster up his shrinking spirit. Throughout his life he was always searching for some way of winning it. By insisting on this, the Steeholms have elucidated much that has hitherto been incomprehensible in James's conduct as a man and as a king. But their biography has many other merits. The background of historical events is depicted with a great wealth of detail, yet the figure of James is never lost in it. The narrative of his career is lucid and well-proportioned. There are many vivid character-sketches in the description of his entourage. The atmosphere of his age is skilfully reproduced. The verbal pictures are so good that the curious omission of any illustrations may be excused. What is inexcusable is that the proofs should not have been more carefully read. There are an irritating number of misprints.

Ludwig I of Bavaria is an easier subject for a biographer than James I of England, but a far less interesting one. Count Corti remarks rather naively in his preface that Ludwig's chief characteristics were "love for his nation, for art, and for womanly beauty." The last characteristic preponderated, and eventually cost Ludwig his throne. His infatuation with the notorious Lola Montez brought about a revolution in Bavaria, and he was forced to

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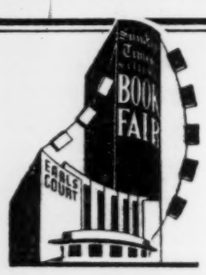
abdicate. This episode in his life is mainly responsible for his reputation as one of the great lovers of history. Count Corti thinks that it cannot possibly be understood unless the whole attitude of Ludwig towards women is understood, and he has compiled a complete chronicle of Ludwig's numerous love affairs to explain the attitude. It was a strange mixture of sentimentality and sensuality. Count Corti tends to romanticise it. The best part of his book is not the chronicle, which I read with some disgust. Fortunately for me he has added to it an account of Ludwig as a ruler and Ludwig as a patron of the arts. Ludwig played both these parts with some ability. It is to his credit that he gave complete freedom to literature and the press, tolerated all religions, transformed Munich, which at his accession was an architectural wilderness, into one of the best-planned towns in Germany, and enriched it with a fine collection of works of art. In his youth he was brought into contact with Napoleon and recorded his impressions in his diary. "Napoleon tramples under foot the most sacred rights; he has always done so, and will continue to do so whenever he finds an opportunity. . . . I have to fight for Napoleon against Austria's army. Is there anything worse than to fight for that thing which it is my burning desire to fight against—to fight that the chains of servitude may become heavier and more oppressive." The picture of a France-ridden Europe in these early chapters is of particular interest now that the wheel has turned full circle.

Ludwig was fond of pouring out his soul in letters. He wrote the astounding number of three thousand to his Italian mistress, Marchesa Florenzi, alone. Count Corti gives many quotations from them and also from Ludwig's poems, which, when they were published, he sent to Goethe, who must have been embarrassed, but managed to thank him with the respect due to such a high personage without expressing any opinion of their merits. Heine was less reticent. Ludwig had enough intelligence to know that they were not "jewels of the noblest art," as one of his Ministers told him. "Let not abundant praise deceive you, for that which you composed would sleep unsung, but that a throne is yours," he wrote in his pathetically muddled fashion. Napoleon once remarked: "My heart is in my brain." It was the other way about with Ludwig.

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN



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Man Against Himself. By KARL A. MENNINGER. *Harrap.* 15s.

This book is a study of the impulses that drive human beings to behave like Gadarene swine. Man, at any rate European man, is acting as if the corporate desire for self-destruction was more powerful than it has ever been in history: never has so much energy been devoted to the manufacture of lethal emotions and weapons. And the future historian may decide that the industrialism which has so multiplied the power of mutual slaughter, has similarly increased the desire for death. Turn the agricultural labourer into a hand in a munitions factory, and his attachment to life weakens. Mr. Edward Glover in his book, *War, Sadism and Pacifism* (Allen and Unwin) suggested, very convincingly, that the causes of war were more psychological than economic, and Mr. Karl Menninger has considerably strengthened this argument by showing the strength of self-destructiveness in the individual. He is a psycho-analyst, but he is moderate and undogmatic; he has skilfully reduced to a minimum the use of technical terms, he never employs an argument which the lay reader cannot appreciate, and he writes a clear, agreeable style.

He begins by studying the motives for suicide. During a long investigation of this subject, I was impressed by the rarity of the "rational" suicide—the man who kills himself, for instance, because of hopeless poverty or painful and incurable disease. The motives usually given are inadequate, obvious rationalisations. In spite of the appalling conditions in which millions live, the cause of the vast majority of suicides, I concluded, was neurosis, and the verdict of "temporary insanity" was far more truthful than most people would suppose. Mr. Menninger's analysis of suicide is brilliant; he distinguishes three elements: the element of dying, the element of killing, and the element of being killed. He then suggests that the wish to kill may be "turned back upon the person of the 'wisher' and carried into effect as suicide." We all have murderous impulses, which "conscience," not the fear of punishment, prevents us from satisfying; and sometimes we kill ourselves because we cannot kill someone else. (In most suicide case-histories one can discover repressed vindictiveness.) The wish to be killed is different: it may be masochistic—those, for instance, who throw themselves under trains are indulging in the extremity of passive emotion. (Tolstoy intuitively gave this death to Anna Karenina.) More usually the wish to be killed comes from guilt-feelings and a wish for punishment, and this often combines with the first element, since a murderous desire is liable to generate guilt-feelings. The third element is the wish to die: this comes not, like the others, from hostile feelings, or from a pessimistic philosophy, but from a "death instinct," and appears, barely disguised, in mountaineers and motor-racers. The "death instinct" is a belief of Freud's, which Mr. Menninger accepts only as a hypothesis, in contrast to what he justly calls "the demonstrated facts" of the other two elements. But to discuss the evidence for the "death instinct" requires technical knowledge which I do not possess, and which is not required for the understanding of this book.

Mr. Menninger then passes to what he calls "chronic suicide," the living death of the extreme ascetic, the neurotic invalid, the alcohol-addict, the criminal, and the lunatic. He shows that whereas superlative asceticism like that of the Cenobites, the Carmelites and the Russian Skopts, has now become less common, "in years to come our own period may be regarded as one in which man's self-annihilatory upheavals were at their maximum. Consider, for example, our automobile traffic accidents, our militaristic activities, our waste of natural resources, and our neglect of human values." This section of the book is extremely interesting, and we can all recognise persons we know in the types described: the puritan who punishes simultaneously himself and all those around him, the "martyr" to some illness that no one can diagnose, the unstable "bad hat" with great talents which he uses only in occasional spasms, the drunkard who longs to be loved, and lacking confidence drowns his nervousness in alcohol. Such persons are committing suicide "by inches," and if deprived of their refuges, may well kill themselves outright.

The third section deals with what the author calls "local suicide," where self-destructiveness stops short of death and is satisfied with the deprivation of part of the body. Self-mutilation, from nail-biting to castration, "polysurgery"—i.e. the desire for unnecessary operations, and purposive accidents. Impotence

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and frigidity are included in the same category. In each case the "local self-mutilation is in some way or other a ransom and protects the ego against the imposition of the death-penalty." The individual sacrifices a part of his body or its functions to preserve the rest.

In his fourth section Mr. Menninger deals with organic disease as an expression of self-destructiveness. On this subject he is much more cautious than Georg Groddeck, and consequently more convincing. Psychological causes, he considers, can lower resistance to infection, notably to colds and phthisis, and can produce lesions, goitre, heart-disease, arthritis, and many sorts of illness. His account of the neurotic origin of gastric ulcers and other diseases of the digestive organs is particularly good, but this part of the book will excite greater resistance than the rest in many readers. "The same doctor who would immediately understand how a man could have an involuntary bowel movement in a moment of great fear is utterly amazed and incredulous at the proposal that *chronic* diarrhoea may express *chronic* and continuous fear." But intelligent physicians are becoming increasingly inclined to accept this hypothesis. It is a curious fact that the physical health of psychiatric patients is much above the average: "this would suggest that the psychosis satisfies the demands of the destructive impulse without the necessity of physical sacrifice."

In a sense this is a gloomy book. Compared with medicine and surgery, psycho-analytic treatment is a long, expensive and uncertain remedy. But if we recognise, the less neurotic of us, the psychological causes of our illnesses, we may (who knows) be less likely to succumb to them. Moreover, Mr. Menninger considers that chemical, physical and mechanical methods can often be effective in curing maladies that have a psychological origin. Religion he believes to be a most important curative agent, and he prescribes also "all of those human activities, some deriving from play and some from work, which give an outlet to these impulses to fight and destroy: sport, games, politics, business, and the aggressive sides of many hobbies." But is it not anti-social thus to divert a man's aggressiveness away from himself to his political enemies? It would be better if such neurotics as Goebbels, instead of persecuting Jews, indulged in goitre or self-mutilation.

Probably the most significant discovery of modern psychology is that the super-ego is the enemy, "an internal, psychological representation of authority, originally and mainly parental authority. Found in infancy and childhood, it seldom keeps pace with the changes in external environment." This is largely unconscious, and therefore it is undesirable to call it the "conscience," especially as this word is required to signify our just sense of right and wrong. In so far as we can substitute intelligence for the super-ego, we become happier, healthier and more beneficent.

There is little in this book that is not a commonplace to professional psychologists. But I wish to recommend it to the lay public as an exceptionally readable, sensible and persuasive diagnosis of the chief causes for human unhappiness.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

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The Best Short Stories of 1938. Edited by EDWARD O'BRIEN. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Birth of an Old Lady and Other Stories. By EDITA MORRIS. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Illustrations and an elegant shade of lemon cloth do not symbolise a change in the editorial policy of Mr. Lehmann's admirable biennial; he gives us the mixture as before, and if he has made no startling discoveries since the spring, he remains the most unconventional of our editors. His team excel as reporters rather than as creators (it is significant that the illustrations are all photographs), but one need not stress the superiority of good reporting over competent, slick art. Much of the verse is indeed disconcertingly factual: Mr. Spender, for instance, in *Port Bou—Firing Practice:*

> A lorry halts beside me with creaking brakes
> And I look up at warm waving flaglike faces
> Of militiamen staring down at my French newspaper.
> "How do they speak of our struggle, over the frontier?"
> I hold out the paper but they refuse it . . .

or Lorca:

> Bells of Córdoba
> in the early morning
> And in Granada
> bells of the dawn . . .

or Señor Villa:

> The war-lorries go by,
> Lines of militiamen
> Between zones of silence,
> The rain and the mud.

Whatever poetic quality these lines may once have had evaporates in translation. The only memorable verse in this volume is Mr. Auden's sonnet *Exiles* and the first of Mr. Bronowski's two poems. Among the prose, it is the recording of experience and the criticism which impress. Mr. Wogan Philipps, for instance, gives a simple and moving account of his experiences as a front-line ambulance-man in the Guadarramas; he is by profession a painter, and like many painters can describe remarkably well with his pen. M. Chamson writes of a day's ski-ing so freshly that it brings home, even to a non-skier, the exhilaration and the various stages of annoyance and fatigue, and Mr. Tom Burns's *Street Corner* is entirely, almost painfully, realistic. Messrs. Sommerfield and Stern live up to, without extending, their reputation. Mr. H. T. Hopkinson has a brilliant little pub interior which aims and reaches just beyond realism, and Fr. Seghers in *The Rescue* paints an imaginative, and so not purely painful, picture of a group of men trapped in a mine accident. Among the critics Mr. Goldman is salutory on the difficult subject of *Literature and the East End*, and Mr. Spender sensible and stimulating about the Auden-Isherwood poetic drama. Contributions from Russia and China on the dim side.

To me the most interesting thing in the volume is a piece of Mass Observation analysis from Mr. Tom Harrisson, an enquiry into the part played in "Worktown" by dance halls and jazz. This is just the sort of useful and fascinating information Mass Observation should provide; do not allow yourself to be put off by Mr. Harrisson's opening quotation from an observer's report:

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'Turned to left to deposit coat in cloakroom, where attendant was sitting in wicker chair, reading American magazine. He got up, gave me ticket number 56." The ticket number and the left turn are just credentials to show that the writer is no selective literary gent, but a true-blue Observer. The material contained in this long article is mostly of great social importance; *e.g.*, all young Worktowners can talk two languages, using B.B.C. in the dance-hall and native Worktown in ordinary life; all political organisations except the Communist Party hold dances, but do so purely as a source of revenue, making no attempt to introduce politics or propaganda. Mr. Harrisson's analysis of jazz lyric symbolism is full of suggestive points, but when he relates it to the song symbolism of "primitive" peoples he seems to forget a vital difference: that jazz is not a native product of Worktown, but something manufactured, thousands of miles away, for universal consumption. He is convinced, no doubt rightly, that this selfish, day-dreaming, standardised mass-poetry has an anti-social effect on its adolescent devotees; "masses of people," he says, "would welcome alternatives to jazz symbolism"; if this is true, what a chance it offers to a poet and a musician who could transmute jazz, as Disney has transmuted the comic strip, into something that might remain universally popular and yet be beautiful as well.

Of Miss Edita Morris's stories Mr. O'Brien writes that they "have given me as much pleasure, and pleasure of the same kind as I feel listening to Mozart's music." Writers should pray to be preserved from this sort of championship; Miss Morris has a talent after all; she can suggest the strange conversions and ecstasies that sometimes overtake the feminine soul, but she is so tremulous about it that we often find it hard to make out what is really happening. She is a great believer in the tentative approach: "Her strange story has been told by hundreds of different people, but I don't know if anyone has put it down in writing. Often . . . I have thought of doing that—of telling about the great glory that became hers. Many ways of doing it have presented themselves . . ." or, "Now let me summon the very marrow of my descriptive powers to make clear what this avenue meant to us. . . . Joy did this street stand for, and pride, and success." That isn't at all Mozart's way.

Mr. O'Brien's anthology contains forty-four stories, varying widely in merit. The American contingent, with a few exceptions like Mr. March, Mr. Seager and Mr. Rayner, is disappointing; either over-slick in the *Esquire* manner, or clumsy and full of pluperfects—a sure sign of bad workmanship in the short story. Among the English there is notably good work from Mr. Beech-croft, Mr. G. F. Green, Miss S. G. Millin and the high-spirited Mr. Urquhart (also represented in *New Writing*); and a tale of Strinbergian horror from Mr. Hanley. There are also two highly diverting sketches: Miss Wilson's *I Just Love Dogs* and Mr. Thompson's "*Jumble*." Finally there is Miss Elizabeth Bowen's *Easter Egg Party*, which makes almost anything else in these volumes seem like a cake which hasn't risen. She conveys her facts without a flat phrase; her sentences have all the vitamins, they do several different sorts of work at once.

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This is one of the prettiest books that have appeared for a long time; the cover is radiant, the frontispiece charming, the arrangement of drawings and photographs a pleasure, and the variety of decoration cheap at the price. It is a relief, since the crisis, to come upon a book in which the author is determined to enjoy himself, and to pass on his enjoyment to the reader. There are two ways to look at such a book, as arm-chair reading, and as a practical guide.

From an arm-chair these long essays on various aspects of New York, its hotels, restaurants, newspapers, hospitals, amuse-ments, races, geography, theatres and hostesses, illustrated by admirable drawings and photographs, are highly enjoyable. The fog fades away, the enormous dingy cabbagey bungalow town of South London disappears, and Cecil Beaton's magic city, with its skyscrapers, exquisite light and colour, its luxury apartment towers and welcoming ranks of hostesses, all elegant beyond the dreams of elegance, with a chic unknown to mortals here, take their place. We disembark from the *Queen Mary*, and start right into the business of learning the traffic signals, the geography of the city, the new language, and the right hotel. (We have chosen the Waldorf Tower.) We learn first about American men and women.

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After that we learn about the other ways of enjoying ourselves, we visit China Town, Harlem, the Bowery, the Battery, always with the knowledge that a lot of hostesses will have 'phoned while we are out, and that the Waldorf Tower is waiting for us to run back to after any adventure. There will be magazines as well, for magazines matter more than books, and the ones that matter most are *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* (we avoid the *New Masses* which "like the Communist *Daily Worker* plumbs the extremes of childishness)." Now falls the evening, we have a choice between the best plays in the world, or some freak entertainment, floodlit basketball, or all-in wrestling—or a straight party, and this is where the hostesses come in. How shall we choose? There is Mrs. Vanderbilt—"least snobbish and most loyal of friends, she has a penchant for Royalty and the uncrowned heads of Europe," or Mrs. Vincent Astor, "a lady of great integrity and distinguished tastes," Mrs. Corrigan, "though she must be classed in the social category . . . her most serious interests are philanthropy and finance," or Elsa Maxwell, "having started life

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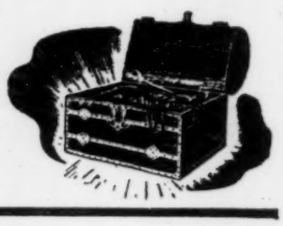

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M & C

as a snob she now wages war on snobs, Proust thus being proved wrong when he said that the climber always wishes to shut behind him the door which has at last admitted him—or there is Mrs. Harrison Williams, who "has the restraint of a violin" on the other hand to be taken under the Swope wing is indeed an honour, and if we do not wish to talk, "of the bridge set is Mrs. Henry Gray, whose name people of her world mention as if some *cachet* were derived by so doing." Any other invitations are taken at once to the admirable index which closes this book, to see if they comply with this brief and commanding social register. At this moment in my day-dream another sentence caught my eye.

> But if you descend from your eminence to walk in the park, you are struck by its curious, plantless desolation in comparison with the sophistication of the surrounding buildings. The dun-coloured, artificial hills remind you of a geographical model, and the winter trees are spidery and black. Great rocks, cannon-ball in colour, look theatrical. This park is like the landscape of another planet.

But this is how Central Park looked to me, and for the first time I realise that I have spent four days in New York, days in early April when melting snow slushed through the dark streets, when the vast tracts of Victorian ugliness which manured the fog-bound skyscrapers depressed me, when I saw a death-house play which gave me nightmares for years afterwards, and only felt at ease in the European atmosphere of a speak-easy or at the extreme point of the Battery. And where were my invitations? No, it is clear that *Cecil Beaton's New York* is not everybody's, that when he says "anyone sincerely interested in painting and works of art can arrange to see the lesser private collections," he is exaggerating. He is in fact an illusionist, and illusionism plays a great part in the arts to-day, especially in those which deal with people and places.

Illusionism consists in adding to the realist technique of journalism or the cinema that unreal and magical element contributed by the nostalgia of the artist. Thus to English audiences who have seen American murders, American newspaper offices, American night-clubs on the screen there will seem something tawdry and second-rate about their English equivalents, just as Walter Winchell will seem more glamorous than Lord Castlerosse. To an American the opposite may well be true, if the illusions degaged by English stage and screen have been accessible. Illusionism can only be detected when we have a realistic knowledge of the originals. Thus when we discover a person whom we have found to be stupid, pretentious, and boring described in a memoir as intelligent, charming, and glamorous the illusion vanishes, and we begin to wonder, even about Mrs. Henry Gray. This illusionism is both the strength and weakness of Cecil Beaton, just as it is both the strength and weakness of, for example, Paul Morand, who has also written a book about New York, or Mr. Noel Coward. He writes about New York as he would like it to be, for readers who want it to be like that. We all share in his nostalgia and his escapism into a golden world where everything is new and expensive and everybody wants to see us. In his eye for detail Mr. Beaton is unique (he is obsessed with hands, which he draws, describes, and photographs as the most living part of the body), in spirit he is not, and his New York is, as for many Europeans living in a dwindling and uncomfortable Europe, a New Jerusalem. Yet, for those who look to America somewhat longingly, as the Greek artists and professors of Byzantium looked towards Italy when the Turks were at the door, there is little comfort in *Cecil Beaton's New York*. He does not include any writers except Charles Ford, or any artist except Tchelitchev and Eilchemius in his Voguey Eden, he is not concerned with books and libraries, and has no evidence of good conversation existing. His New York, as he implies, is a place to be visited, not to live in. The smooth, dark, oval-faced, deep-voiced New Yorkers, the Amazon women, move at a faster and more superficial tempo than the old bones of Europe can manage, all Cecil Beaton's reassuring charm cannot prevent us feeling that his New York is in the long run hostile. Thus, while the thirty pages of photographs by him are either interesting snapshots, or enchanting studies like his *Patchin Place*, *Sleeping Beauty* (p. 29), or *Hat Check Girl*, in the forty-odd pages of photographs from other sources, another New York appears; there are glimpses of hopelessness and poverty in the moving photographs from *Black Star* and those of Mr. Ben Shahn. If we go further, and compare *Cecil Beaton's New York* with Walker Evans' *American Photographs* (*Allen and Unwin*, 10s. 6d.), we arrive at the explanation. Mr. Cecil Beaton is an illusionist who lacks the tragic sense of life. His god is chic—he can say of one woman that she is "possessor of a most strict sense of chic," of another that "her taste in all things is of a meticulous refinement" and this is his highest praise. But he has not yet realised that to be a votary of pleasure and fashion the tragic sense of life is indispensable. With it you are Congreve or Watteau, without it you remain Wycherley or Lancret. As Oscar Wilde said: "I have always preferred pleasure to Happiness, one must make for the Tragic side when one sees it." And this is a lesson which Mr. Cecil Beaton and Mr. Noel Coward have still to learn, although the leading Continental illusionists, Cocteau, Dali, Bérard, have always known it. At the moment Mr. Cecil Beaton's writing is better than his drawing and photography. He is a brilliant literary reporter, as a glance at this gay, vivid and by no means superficial book will show. If some enormous misfortune or some deep passion were to upset the limitation of his outlook, the result might be surprising.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

The World Was My Garden. By DAVID FAIRCHILD. *Scribners*. 18s.

This is the remarkably interesting autobiography of a plant-collector, whose activities in all parts of the world began as far back as the 'nineties, and include, amongst other things, the planting of the famous Japanese cherries at Washington. Mr. Fairchild is himself an American, and has made it his life's work to introduce new plants (principally of a useful nature) into the United States. Apart from the Japanese cherry, his countrymen owe to him a surprising list of acquisitions, including the avocado pear, the sweet pepper, the bamboo, pistachio nuts from Greece, nectarines from Quetta, dates from Bagdad, hops from Germany, barley from Moravia, and that extraordinary-looking freak, the sausage-tree from Egypt. It was fortunate indeed for Mr. Fairchild that he should, as a young man, have come across a certain Mr. Lathrop, who practically constituted himself his patron, encouraged his ambitions, and financed many of his journeys. These journeys, which took him to all quarters of the globe, are particularly interesting in giving a picture of far-away places, their beauty as yet unexploited: before the days of cruises, it was still something of an adventure to find oneself in Java, Bali, or Hawaii. On many of these journeys Mr. Lathrop accompanied his young protégé; in fact, they appear to have travelled more or less continually together for eight or nine years, which seems curious, as poor Mr. Fairchild, who was evidently somewhat vague about boats, trains, and time-tables, was perpetually in hot water with his patron.

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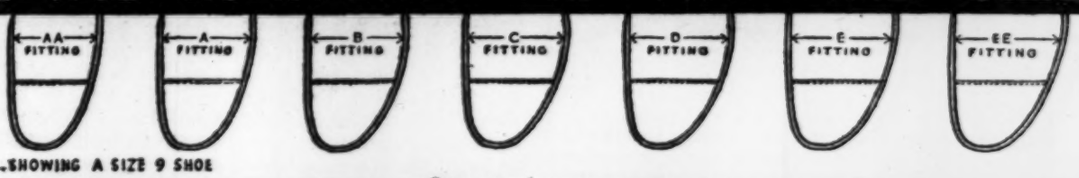

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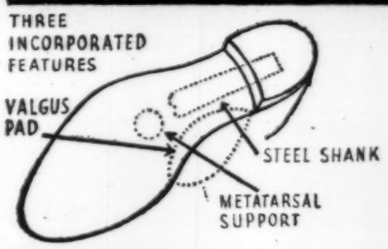

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Nothing, however, impaired either his devotion or his gratitude, and the portrait of Mr. Lathrop which emerges almost unintentionally from his pages is charming as well as amusing.

The House of Dent, 1888-1938 (The Memoirs of J. M. Dent). *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

It is fifty years since J. M. Dent entered the publishing business that bears his name; and as part of J. M. Dent and Sons' jubilee celebration they have reissued, with the addition of four chapters covering the firm's activities during the last sixteen years, the personal memoirs of J. M. Dent. These were written a few years before the publisher's death and copies for private circulation were first printed in 1921. They were later generally issued in 1928. Since then new chapters have been added by Mr. Hugh Dent. This handsomely produced edition is a worthy tribute to the tradition created by the founder of the business, whose life is simply, and at times movingly, unfolded in these pages. The book is much more than an advertisement. It is a record of a man whose interest in good literature combined happily with an interest in good business. The fascination of the book is as much in the portrait of the founder, as drawn by himself, as it is in the story of the famous business which he created.

* * *

We regret that in our article last week on Lord Hailey's *African Survey*, published by the Oxford Press, the price was given as 25s. This should have been 21s.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

FOR some time the standard version of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* has been that played by the Vienna Philharmonic and conducted by Weingartner, and a very satisfactory set it is, showing this always sound conductor at his most vital and somehow avoiding the excessive resonance which has blurred so many orchestral records from Vienna. A new recording is now issued by Telefunken, and takes 8½ records as against Columbia's 8. The performers are the Philharmonic State Orchestra of Hamburg, assisted by soloists and chorus from the Hamburg Opera, and the conductor is Eugen Jochum. It must be admitted that Herr Jochum makes an exceedingly unfavourable impression in the first movement. No music has ever been written more tense and muscular than this, and Beethoven himself never surpassed (perhaps never equalled) its formal concision and unerring sense of direction from first note to last. Herr Jochum seems unable to comprehend a piece of design on this scale; he chops the movement up into sections and indulges in shamelessly sentimental *rallentandi* (a particularly bad one, *e.g.*, at the change of signature to two flats in the exposition). The *Scherzo* is little better; weak in rhythm, without pounce, and inadequately drummed. At this point the records hardly seemed worth serious discussion; but the slow movement suddenly made amends—it glows with a rich, sustained beauty which is partly due to the glorious Telefunken string tone, but also to the conductor's obvious sympathy with its more romantic mood. The last movement maintains the new standard, and the fine choral singing and very spacious recording may convert many who, like myself, have been inclined to jib at Beethoven's *finale*. Where Weingartner's team suggest a choral society's annual outing, the Hamburgers contrive to sound a note of religious ecstasy. Germans apparently feel no embarrassment in proclaiming the universal brotherhood of mankind in the morning and beating up Jews in the afternoon.

The "great" Schubert *C major Symphony* has also been re-recorded; on six H.M.V.s, by the London Symphony Orchestra under Bruno Walter. This is tonally one of the most splendid of recent recordings, one of those sets which, played on a fine reproducer, makes us wonder why we continue to attend concerts. Walter is justly celebrated for his interpretation of this symphony, full of colour, romantic feeling and Viennese niceties of rhythm. Sometimes he handles it so lovingly in detail that the broad lines are obscured; he is inclined to check the flow of the *Scherzo*, and cannot keep up the pounding, demonic rhythm of the *finale* as Toscanini did in his great performance. Nevertheless this is a magnificent recording; good though Boult's H.M.V. set is, it cannot compete technically with the Walter. But there is one point in the older version that I regret: Aubrey Brain's meltingly beautiful playing of the nine repeated horn notes that lead back to the first theme of the *Andante*. There are two piano concertos this month, the first a hitherto unrecorded Mozart in *B flat major* (K. 456) played by Lili Kraus and the L.P.O. under Walter Goehr. It is a slight, happy work, breathing something of the spirit of the Fourth Act *finale* of *Figaro*, and ideally suited to the gentle gaiety and precision of Miss Kraus's style; her playing of the cadenzas (Mozart's own) could well be used as a model. She makes the most of that unexpected slip into B minor in the *finale* which redeems the movement from its over-simple 6/8 opening. These four Parlophones are well worth buying, though the recording of both piano and orchestra is a little shallow and not on the level of her solo and duo records. On the other hand, the recording, on three Columbias, of Liszt's *Second Piano Concerto* is one of the most perfect I have ever heard: Egon Petri's piano rings out clean and full throughout its compass and the L.P.O., brilliantly conducted by Leslie Heward, is wonderfully rich and balanced. The music contains some of Liszt's loveliest romantic meditations, including an opening theme so exquisite that one wonders how he could bear to transform it later into a commonplace march. Petri's performance is both technically flawless and glowing with romantic warmth. Liszt is further represented on Columbia by two records of the *Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude*, but neither the music nor Kentner's performance is particularly interesting. Weingartner, with the L.P.O., records for Columbia on two discs, a Brahms-Haydn *Variations*, eminently satisfactory but for a touch of rigidity in some of the more gracious movements. I have a slight preference for Toscanini's handling of the music, but his H.M.V. records show some of the worst faults of recent American recording. I have so often asked for Beecham's interpretation of Mendelssohn's *Hebrides Overture* that it seems ungrateful not to welcome enthusiastically its issue on a single Columbia. But something has gone wrong and it is no more than just a good record; Sir Thomas was perhaps having an off day, and the recording of the high strings is rather dry, so that the loveliest piece of landscape painting in music still lacks a definitive recording. But Beecham's Col. *Oberon Overture* (Weber) is perfect. Parlophone issue a third overture, a competent, but not brilliant, performance of Nicolai's *Merry Wives* by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Professor Reichwein, who is, I believe, one of those who have taken, but not filled, Bruno Walter's place. On the cheaper Columbias Dorati and the L.P.O. give a good account of Chabrier's witty *Cotillon* music.

A new recording of the second *Rasoumofsky Quartet* by the Lener is satisfactory up to a point, but the leader cannot wholly

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He is now a satisfied customer, which is very gratifying to us, yet if we had to wait until each customer was driving along Newgate Street and caught sight of our name, and needed some clothes, and had half an hour to spare, we might by then have passed into realms where any talk of clothes is superfluous.

All of which brings us to the question. When are we to have the pleasure of making that long-deferred suit for you? The effort for you is small, but no amount of effort on our part will be spared to carry out your wishes down to the smallest detail. You are offered the widest possible selection of first-grade materials, chosen by us for their durability and distinction.

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HAROLD WESTON 7/6
PURPLE TESTAMENT

Is it man's destiny to be dominated by war?

ELDON

rid his style of those café tricks which have always tempted him; he has reformed, it is true, but not altogether (4 Cols.). There is a first-rate recording of this work by the Budapest Quartet on H.M.V. Eileen Joyce makes a Parlophone record, which is brilliant even for her, of three fine and little-played Rachmaninoff *Preludes*, Op. 23, No. 8, and Op. 32, Nos. 8 and 13. Decca have always been a brave company, and this month they issue six records by Adolph Hallis containing all the Debussy *Etudes*. These were written during the war and, according to Lockspeiser, were "intended primarily as technical exercises"; most of them are too empty of musical content to interest non-pianists, but the second book, notably the one called *pour les agréments*, contains some writing attractive in texture, of which Hallis's performance makes the most.

I am afraid that the publication of Bruckner's *Mass in E minor* on six H.M.V. records will not greatly advance his reputation in this country. Written in a style which derives partly from the old *a capella* tradition and partly from that of Viennese rococo church music, its ideas are less striking than those in his symphonies and the treatment even more awkward and repetitive. It is generally obvious that the accompaniment—for wind band only—was written in afterwards. In itself this need not have been a drawback, and a skilled composer like Brahms would positively revel in the addition of fresh strands of instrumental melody, but to open Bruckner's Mass almost anywhere is to see at once the stiffness and lack of plasticity of his wind counterpoints. A very interesting, if rather noisy, Parlophone record contains Fra Melitone's two comic scenes from *La Forza del Destino* sung by Edoardo Faticanti; they are justly famous for their startling anticipations of Verdi's style in *Falstaff*. Elisabeth Schumann, who never makes a bad record, sings Schubert's fine *Jüngling und der Tod* with remarkable freedom from her usual mannerisms (H.M.V.), backed by three Schubertian trifles, of which two are not properly *lieder*, but numbers from the Goethe *singspiel Claudine von Villabella*. There are still scores of Schubert lyrics which would suit her to perfection, and are never heard: I commend to her attention the bewitching *Nachtviolen*. Parlophone in their "Famous Voices of the Past" Series issue Norina's aria from *Don Pasquale* by Rosina Storchio; but her technique is shaky and she has to transpose the *allegro* down—in fact, the record might just as well have been made in the degenerate present. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 454

Set by F. Laws

Some of our most elegant writers have glorified cricket in prose and verse. The same should in fairness be done for other sports. The usual prizes are offered for praise of darts, shoveha'penny, all-in wrestling, poker, pin-tables, or croquet.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Nov. 25th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 452

Set by T. W. Earp

We offer the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea for the best poem, of not more than sixteen lines, addressed by a poet to his book of poems.

Report by T. W. Earp

The entries received may roughly be divided into two classes: the confident, and the confidential. Typical extracts from the former are:

I taught you drill, schooling you till
Each foot, obeying me, beat like a heart;
So, when the drum called to you, "Come!"
You were an army because of my art. (GUY TURNER)

Did Shelley win the Newdigate?
By whom was Keats acclaimed?
Was Milton in the Honours List?
Need I then be ashamed? (E. W. FORDHAM)

Some there must be, to whom thou can'st impart
The secret message of a Poet's heart.
But should all others fail, remember this,
That I, who made thee, think thee not amiss. (TALAKA)

None of these trumpeters is quite brazen enough, or long-winded in the better sense. Yet most handle their instrument with greater brio than those who favour the more insinuating flute. Gerald Summers diminishes the Swinburnian roar to a deft cooing, *e.g.*:—

If, loth to grant small credit
For polished verse or rough,
Some murmur, having read it,
"This blighter knows his stuff!"
And, when blown leaves are stirring.
Or while their motor's purring,
Find an old rhyme recurring,
'Tis for this hard enough.

Walter Roberts whispers a monitory lullaby—

Your foster-father, having nursed,
Must now prepare you for the worst.
Litt. Sup., *Observer*, *Punch* and *Times*:
"These moderns have no sense of rhymes."
Express and *Standard*, *Mail* and *Sketch*:
"These highbrows simply make us retch."
Star, *Chronicle* and *Reynolds' News*.
"Hopeless, reactionary views."
The Daily Worker: "Fascist mush."
NEW STATESMAN—Hush now, baby! Hush!

And there is resonance in Muriel B. Stuart's epigram—

O, Offspring of my greater hours,
My children that do show
My pleasure and my woe:
I make the total sum
Of all my life and powers,
That those who care to come,
Of any life or age,
May meet me on this page.

But too many entrants whisper a solicitude for their muse in lines whose excellence of sentiment detracts from their merit as verse—

Child of all my ecstasy and pain
What fate will now be yours?

I send thee out, most precious book,
With all my highest, noblest thought. . . .

With anxious fear I speed thee on the way,
Find out those others who will understand,
Whose gentle eyes will see beyond the words
And bid my poor verse welcome to their hearts. . . .

It was a contrast, and a curious adventure, to come suddenly upon a sonnet by "A Bacon-fed Knave," dealing with the problem of Shakespearian authorship, with propagandist literature on the subject attached. That was not the kind of entry invited, but it gave added point to Dorothy Wright's precautionary poem.

FIRST PRIZE

A MODERN POET TO HIS BOOK

Good book, before you see the light,
I'm taking due precaution
Lest knaves shall prove you less than mine
And an abortion.

I have initialled every line
And broadcast to the nation.
A dictaphone has witnessed to
Your true creation.

Lest some impending race of giants
Coerce an Abbey warden
And tumble Spender out of bed
And dig up Auden. DOROTHY WRIGHT

SECOND PRIZE

Go then from me, strange creatures that you are,
Sly midnight friends;
Expose your shifting outlines to the stare
Of eyes, the grope of hands.

Your raw-edged shrieking they will take for mine,
Your queerness, too.
They'll analyse your mind, record your moan,
Forget you, so. . . .

Implore me not, there is no help in me,
Your constant foe.
You came without command, you would not stay,
And now, you go. "M.D."

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FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

ASHDOWN FOREST, THE CLOCK HOUSE NUTLEY, Sussex. A delightful GUEST HOUSE in 7 acres. Central heating, open fires, running hot and cold water, electric light, garage, own garden produce, chickens, eggs and milk. Good chef. Special terms for autumn and winter. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

THE PEARL OF THE RIVIERA
Menton, Alpes Maritimes. For hotel accommodation and travelling facilities write Box 3367.

CHRISTMAS SKI-ING at SEDRUN, Grisons Switzerland. Join young, pleasant party, beginners and experienced skiers, unspoilt village, virgin snow. Moderate inclusive cost. Leaves Dec. 23rd and Dec. 26th. Box. 3374.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7s. inclusive.

BRUSSELS. Paying guests accepted in comfortable and cultured home. All enquiries to DR. HUTCHISON, 3 Devonshire Place, W.1.

IN A RIVIERA VALLEY, a country house with sunny, sheltered terrace and gardens leading to the sea, you will find absolute quiet, modern comforts. Pension: Winter, from 40 frs. Summer, from 50 frs. LES PALMERAIES DE VALMER, LA CROIX, VAR, FRANCE.

GREEK ISLANDS AND ISTANBUL
Cruise on s.s. "Cairo City." April 5th to 24th, Agrigento, Nicopolis, Dodona, Delphi, Athens, Olympia, Istanbul, Lesbos, Crete, Skyros, Monemvasia. Lecturers: Prof. J. L. Myres, Prof. D. Talbot-Rice, Mr. Stanley Casson, Mr. F. Kinchin Smith. From 27 guineas, including rail fare to Marseilles and shore excursions. Early Booking Reductions.
ANGLO-HELLENIC TOURS LTD.,
54 55 Princes House, Princes Arcade, Piccadilly, S.W.1.

CHARITY

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED for Convalescent Cases now and throughout the Winter. Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, M.B.E., 36 Red Lion Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 307.—FIVE YEARS

I said to Katia: "What have you been doing at school?"

"Harmonic mean, Caliban."

"Interested?"

Katia pouted. "I think it's rather silly."

"How so, Katia?"

"Why," said Katia, "I was working out the harmonic mean of our ages—Kitty's and Karen's and mine. (I'm the eldest, you know.) Then I worked out what their harmonic mean would be in five years' time. And, do you know, the second mean exceeds the first, not, as I'd expect it to do, by 5 years, but by 5 years and 95/143 of a year."

I smiled. "There are," I began, "more things in heaven and earth ——" But Katia cut me short: "I know that one."

How old is Katia?

PROBLEM 305.—THE RETURN MATCH

Solution by A. C. Young

The answer is £(8 plus $1/2^{18}$).

The following solution can be used for a golf course of any number of holes.

Let the number of holes be N. For the rth hole of a consecutive series Andy wins £r, while Duncan wins £$(2r-1)$. The difference between these two expressions is £$(r-1)$. Hence Duncan's average expectation of gain for the rth hole is given by:

$$\left[\frac{r-1}{2^r}\right]+\left[\frac{r-2}{2^r}+\frac{r-3}{2^{r-1}}+\frac{r-4}{2^{r-2}}\cdots\frac{1}{2^3}\right]=\frac{1}{2}-\frac{1}{2^r}$$

His average expectation for all N holes is, therefore:

$$\frac{N-1}{2}-\left[\frac{1}{2^2}+\frac{1}{2^3}\cdots\frac{1}{2^N}\right]$$

or,

$$\frac{N-2}{2}+\frac{1}{2^N}$$

For N = 18 this expression takes the value of 8 plus $1/2^{18}$.

Solution by A. J. White

The stakes on both sides may be put in the form of the two series:

1, 3, 5, 7, . . . 17

1, 2, 3, 4, . . . 9

Let us consider a match played for, say, five holes. All possible games will number 2^5. Let us now consider the number of pounds obtainable on the fifth hole in all the games. £9 can be obtained only by reaching the fifth hole, so there will be only one score of nine. £7 is obtainable in two ways when five holes are played, but in one of them it is obtained at the fourth hole, so 7 will only be scored once at the fifth hole. Similarly it can be shown that, whatever the number of holes played, the two largest scores occur only once at the last hole.

Again, if the score 5 occurs at the fifth hole, then the second hole must have been lost. There are two different ways in which the second hole can be lost; hence there are also two different games in which 5 can be scored at the fifth hole. Similarly it can be shown that there are four different games by which the score of 3 can be made at the fifth hole and eight in which 1 can be made.

The amounts which can be lost at each hole can be arrived at in the same way. These games will number 32 in all as was required. It can be shown in every case that, apart from the two largest scores, the gains or losses at each hole are in the progression 2, 4, 8 . . ., beginning with the largest score but two.

In this way it can be shown that the prospective gain from each hole in succession is according to the series:

£$\frac{1}{4}, \frac{3}{8}, \frac{7}{16}, \frac{15}{32}\ldots$

The result required then is the sum of this series to seventeen terms (the first hole can be ignored for obviously the odds are dead level). This sum is:

£8 0s. 15/16384*d*.

This problem has been highly praised by solvers and has evidently given much pleasure. Over 50 have produced the correct solution.

PROBLEM 304.—THE PRAYING MATS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: A. F. Lund, 2 Cheltenham Villas, Bath Road, Devizes. *Four* points are awarded. CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

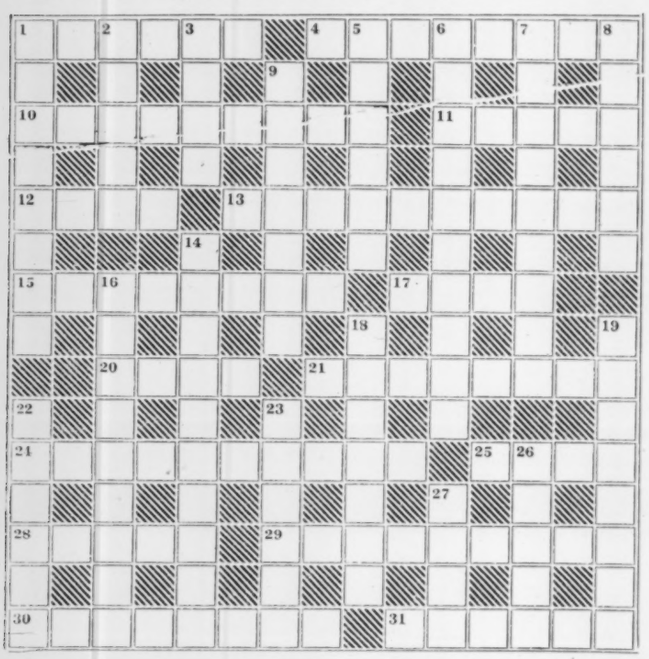
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 454

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

M. A. Cooper, 22 Mylnhurst Road, Eccleshall, Sheffield.

ACROSS

1. Author who may as well wait at home. (6)
4. Describes the acquaintance who's sure he can do it. (8)
10. Where one often sees jumpers displayed. (9)
11. Regional publication. (5)
12. Expectant half of the Cambridgeshire hills. (4)
13. Does it get strung up for the kitten? (10)
15. The Cortes rearranged in the past. (8)
17. In cement out of impertinence. (4)
20. Place where the cat calls. (4)
21. She put the lamb on a string. (8)
24. Such a deal on the Stock Exchange would not mean even money. (10)
25. An eye for the opposite sex usually. (4)
28. His father, in brief, is a soldier. (5)
29. A corpse even. (9)
30. Stray round to get back. (8)
31. Beginners' jumps. (6)

DOWN

1. See 2. (8)
2. Result of a person being 1 down unarmed and not at all leggy. (5)
3. It was evacuated as a result of successful snake charming. (4)
5. Not in any way like a fool. (6)
6. Are they worn by the weeping willow for instance? (10)
7. Not the material for ducks. (9)
8. Respect-able quality to one's self. (6)
9. Such things would be one's less dear possessions. (7)
14. Garment for S.A. (10)
16. Often puts the paint on. (9)
18. He's bound to overlook it. (7)
19. Tatterdemalions of the nursery. (8)
22. Charles took the sergeant-major back. (6)
23. It was he that died. (6)
26. Useful aid to uplift. (5)
27. Track for coin. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

G	I	A	N	T	S	■	O	F	F	S	H	O	O	T
L	■	N	■	I	■	M	■	I	■	E	■	V	■	O
A	N	A	E	M	I	A	■	F	O	P	P	E	R	Y
U	■	G	■	O	■	R	■	T	■	T	■	R	■	B
C	H	R	O	N	I	C	L	E	■	E	R	A	T	O
O	■	A	■	■	H	■	E	■	M	■	G	■	X	
U	N	M	E	N	T	I	O	N	A	B	L	E	S	■
S	■	■	■	O	■	N	■	H	■	E	■	■	■	E
■	S	T	R	I	N	G	Q	U	A	R	T	E	T	S
S	■	E	■	S	■	O	■	N	■	■	■	N	■	T
T	E	M	P	E	■	R	E	D	L	E	T	T	E	R
A	■	P	■	S	■	D	■	R	■	R	■	W	■	A
T	H	E	P	O	L	E	■	E	T	O	N	I	A	N
U	■	R	■	F	■	R	■	D	■	D	■	S	■	G
S	T	A	R	F	I	S	H	■	K	E	T	T	L	E

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ADELPHI. Bobby Get Your Gun. Thur., Sat.
ALDWYCH. They Fly By Twilight. W. S.
AMBASSADORS. Spring Meeting Wed., Fri.
APOLLO. The Robust Invalid. Tu., Sat.
COLISEUM. Varieties. Sats.
COMEDY. Room for Two. Tu., Fri.
GLOBE. Robert's Wife Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME. Fleet's Lit Up. Th. & Sat.
LYRIC. The Flashing Stream. Wed. & Thurs.
OLD VIC. Hamlet. Thur., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.
ST. JAMES'. Gentleman Unknown. Wed., Sat.
S. MARTIN'S. When We are Married. Tu., Fr.
SAVOY. Lot's Wife. Mon., Sat.
SHAFT'BURY. Good-bye, Mr. Chips. W., S.
STRAND. Banana Ridge. Thurs. & Sat.
VAUDEVILLE. Goodness, How Sad! Tu., S.
WESTMINSTER. Dangerous Corner. W., S.
WYNDHAM'S. Quiet Wedding. Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

ADELPHI. (Tem. 7611.) Evgs., 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
BOBBY GET YOUR GUN
GERTRUDE NIESEN. DIANA CHURCHILL.

ALDWYCH. (Tem. 6404.) Evgs., 8.30. W. S. 2.30.
RICHARD BIRD in
THEY FLY BY TWILIGHT
by Paul Dornhurst.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesdays & Fridays, 2.30
SPRING MEETING
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) For 2 Weeks Only.
Evenings, 8.40. Matinees, Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
THE ROBUST INVALID
(Le Malade Imaginaire.) In English.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
ELSIE RANDOLPH, HENRY KENDALL and
HUGH WAKEFIELD in
ROOM FOR TWO

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy
by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Tem. 5122.) Evgs., 8.30.
1st Mat., Nov. 19 & Subs. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
BASIL SYDNEY & MARGARETTA SCOTT in
TRAITOR'S GATE

GARRICK. Tem. 4601. 8.30. Mats., Th., Sat., 2.30
GYLES ISHAM and WANDA ROTHA.
ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA
"A PLAY TO SEE."—*Daily Telegraph.*
by Katriona and Elizabeth Sprigge.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
FRANCES DAY, STANLEY LUPINO
ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER
in **THE FLEET'S LIT UP**
GEORGE BLACK'S ROLLICKING MUSICAL FROLIC.

LYRIC. Ger. 3686. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE, MARGARET RAWLINGS in
THE FLASHING STREAM
by CHARLES MORGAN.

OLD VIC. (WATERLOO 6336.) 6d. to 7s. 6d.
7.15 (ex. Mon.). Mat., Sat., 1.45. LAST WEEK of
HAMLET
Produced by TYRONE GUTHRIE.
Monday, Nov. 21st, at 8 (for two weeks only).
MAN AND SUPERMAN, by George Bernard Shaw.

OPERA & BALLET

GLYNDEBOURNE
OPERA

1939 FESTIVAL

JUNE 1 to JULY 15

VERDI:
MACBETH

MOZART:
LE NOZZE DI FIGARO
DON GIOVANNI
COSÌ FAN TUTTE

DONIZETTI:
DON PASQUALE

(All Operas in the original Italian Text)

Artistic Direction:
FRITZ BUSCH CARL EBERT

General Manager: RUDOLF BING

The Box Office opens on Monday next for booking of subscriptions and single seats.

For full particulars, dates and times of performances, prices, dining and travel arrangements, etc., please apply to any of the leading Agencies or to

THE GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA
London Office:
2-4 COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.1
(WHItehall 0091)

OPERA TICKETS AS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Artistically printed Christmas Greeting Cards, which can be exchanged for tickets for the Glyndebourne Festival, 1939, form a new and original gift for all music and opera lovers.

For particulars of these Seat Tokens please apply to:
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London Office:
2-4 COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.1
(WHItehall 0091)

SADLER'S WELLS, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1
2d. 'bus from Piccadilly. (Terminus 1672.) 6d. to 7s. 6d.

Tues.,	Nov. 22nd.	7.30.	TANNHÄUSER.
Wed.,	Nov. 23rd.	8.0.	RIGOLETTO.
Thurs.,	Nov. 24th.	8.30.	BALLET — THE LORD OF BURLEIGH, APPARITIONS. CHECKMATE.
Fri.,	Nov. 25th.	8.0.	CARMEN.
Sat.,	Nov. 26th.	2.30.	BALLET — GISELLE, FAÇADE.
Sat.,	Nov. 26th.	7.45.	DON GIOVANNI.

THEATRES—continued

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774. Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.) sharp.
Matinees, WED., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY
By Thomas Dekker.
Produced by NANCY PRICE.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evgs. at 8.15 sharp.
Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST JOHN GIELGUD in
DEAR OCTOPUS. By DODIE SMITH.

ST. JAMES'. (Whi. 3903.) Evgs., 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
BARRY K. BARNES in
GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN
by A. A. MILNE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
LONDON'S LAUGHING SUCCESS
J. B. PRIESTLEY'S FARCICAL COMEDY
WHEN WE ARE MARRIED

SAVILLE. (Tem. 4011.) Nov. 22nd at 8.
Subs. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S play of the moment
GENEVA
Box Office, 10-6. Prices, 1/6 to 10/6.

SAVOY. (Tem. 8888.) Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.
LOT'S WIFE by Peter Blackmore.
NORA SWINBURNE. J. H. ROBERTS.
"Laughter in every line."—*Daily Herald.*

SHAFTESBURY. Gerrard 6666.
Evgs., 8.15 prompt. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
LESLIE BANKS, CONSTANCE CUMMINGS in
GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 849

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) Evgs., 8.30. Thurs. & Sat.
ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
BANANA RIDGE
by Ben Travers.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Evgs., ex. Mons., 8.30.
LONDON'S LIVELIEST SHOW!
BABES IN THE WOOD
A PANTOMIME WITH POLITICAL POINT.
Doors open 7.30. Book now: 1/- to 3/6. Members only.
Unity Theatre, Goldington St., N.W.1.

VAUDEVILLE. (Tem. 4871.) 8.30. Tues., Sat. 2.30.
GOODNESS, HOW SAD!
by Robert Morley.
Reserved Seats from 3/6. *Unreserved*, 2/6.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly, 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE
TEDDIE ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES
ME AND MY GIRL
THE HOME OF "THE LAMBETH WALK."

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) 8/6, 6/6, 4/6, 2/6.
Evenings, 8.40. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30
LONDON MASK THEATRE presents:—
J. B. PRIESTLEY'S
DANGEROUS CORNER
(Until December 17th only.)
"Probably the most ingenious play ever written."—*The Times.*
Commencing BOXING DAY, December 26.
Eugene O'Neill's Great Comedy,
MARCO MILLIONS

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. Bar 3028 and 9.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
QUIET WEDDING
ELIZABETH ALLAN FRANK LAWTON MARIE LOHR

REPERTORY THEATRES

HULL. Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m. **Little**
The Bare Idea
A new play by GORDON SHERRY.

LIVERPOOL. **The Playhouse**
Evgs., 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
The Boy David
J. M. Barrie.

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENTS

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161.
November 21st. 6.25 and 9. Mats., Sats., 2.30.
Six Comedian Harmonists, Senator Murphy, Noni, Felovis, MacDonald & Graham, "Crazy Days" with Barry Lupino, Norman Griffin, etc.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
DANIELLE DARRIEUX
in her latest and greatest French triumph
KATIA (A).
Princesse Marthe Bibesco's world-famous love romance.

BERKELEY, Berkeley St. May. 8505
PIERRE FRESNAY in very fine topical French film
"ALERTE EN MEDITERRANÉE" (A)
Also MARTHA EGGERTH in
"ZAUBER DER BOHEME" (A).

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, 21st NOVEMBER, for SEVEN DAYS.
ALBERT PREJEAN and LOUIS JOUVET
in **ALIBI** (A)
with ERICH VON STROHEIM
Also *THE RIVER.*

LONDON PAVILION. Ger. 2982.
FREDRIC MARCH, VIRGINIA BRUCE in
THERE GOES MY HEART (U)
Showing at 10.50, 1.0, 3.15, 5.30, 7.40, 10.0.

CONCERTS

20th CENTURY THEATRE
291 WESTBOURNE GROVE, W.11.
EURHYTHMY
BY ARTISTS FROM THE GOETHEANUM
Tuesday, November 22, at 8.15.
Tickets, 8s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. Phone Cunningham 2340.

CONCERT OF SOVIET MUSIC.
GEORGE PARKER (baritone), HELEN PERKIN (pianoforte), KATHLEEN WASHBOURNE (violin), JESSIE HINCHLIFFE (violin), in works by Prokofiev, Myaskovsky, Shostakovich, Khachaturian, Kabalevsky.
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25th, at 8.30 p.m.
Cowdray Hall, Henrietta Place, W.1.
Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. from S.C.F., 98 Gower Street, W.C.1. (EUSton 2315).

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

DAMPED SPIRITS—IMPERIAL AIRWAYS—U.S. UTILITIES—SHARE-PUSHERS' CHARTER.

THE better feeling on the Stock Exchange which I remarked on somewhat acidly last Saturday, was dissipated this week by the Nazi attack on the Jews. Was this, the City asked, the beginning of the next Anglo-German crisis? Even if this particular crisis were to lift, how could the Nazi fine of £83 millions be raised from the Jews in Germany? Would this not involve the liquidation of securities by Jewish interests in New York and London? These disturbing questions brought the upward market movement to a halt. The new Woolworth shares, for example, lost their premium and the new Ranks went to a discount. The gilt-edged market was "sold" on the further depreciation in sterling. A rumour was current, which can, I think, be discredited, that the signing of the Anglo-American Trade Agreement this week would be followed by a new exchange agreement which would allow further depreciation in sterling. This is the period of seasonal strain for the sterling exchange and if no further Anglo-German crisis is to arise before January I would expect to see some improvement in sterling by the New Year. In that event sterling holders of dollar bonds might be considering between now and the end of the year (especially on days of sterling weakness) the desirability of realising their exchange profits. Many American and Canadian bonds are now selling at prices which, expressed in terms of "sterling equivalents," are high in relation to redemption or call prices.

* * *

At the Imperial Airways shareholders' meeting on Monday Sir John Reith promised that the directors would endeavour to secure from the Government the best possible financial terms for the cession of the undertaking to the State. This presumably foreshadows hard bargaining, but talk of a purchase price at the rate of much over 30*s.* per £1 ordinary share seems to me wildly off the mark. The whole question of settling fair terms is fraught with difficulty in view of the unreal nature of Imperial Airways' past "net earnings" as disclosed in their accounts. In the past two years operating profits have been £408,000 and £312,000 respectively, leaving £135,000 in 1936–37 and £92,000 in 1937–38 available for dividend after meeting depreciation, insurance and tax charges. But in these two years the subsidy drawn from the Treasury was £380,000 and £535,000 respectively. Is the purchaser, *i.e.*, the Government, to buy the undertaking at a price artificially inflated by the purchaser's own grant of subsidy? The precedent that would thus be established is objectionable. On the other hand, the public was induced to take up the last issue of shares at 30*s.* on the strength of past dividends (8 per cent. in 1935-36 and 9 per cent. in 1936–37) and the definite promise of stated subsidies. Before the Government's decision was announced the £1,624,000 of the Company's issued capital was valued by the market at just over £2,000,000, giving a yield of $5\frac{7}{16}$ per cent. Suppose the purchase price were to be £2,000,000 of Government stock, what should the interest payable on that stock be? In view of the fact that equity shares would be converted into riskless, gilt-edged bonds, I should say that 4 per cent. would be ample, and that the bonds should be short-dated.

* * *

I am not at all impressed with the recent action of Wall Street. The market has had its post-election boom but the liquidation which set in on Wednesday was considerable. Even before that the leaders had been making less headway than the speculative low priced shares. This is generally a sign that the market is due for a period of reaction and consolidation. After the recent sharp advance in the Dow Jones industrial index from 130 (September) to 158.4 (November 12th) it would not be unnatural to see the market slide back, especially as it is now reaching the tax selling period which usually goes on till the end of the year. I hear, too, rumours of labour troubles in the automobile and steel industries, and there are reports of renewed bitterness between the Government and business as a result of the elections. One disappointment is the unsettlement in the utility market. I had hopes that the utilities would be strong in any further market advance as a result of President Roosevelt's change of attitude which I commented on recently. Unfortunately, the "unscrambling" required by the Holding Company Act has led to some large blocks of shares being offered by holding companies who are now taking steps to reduce their holdings in any one company to under 10 per cent. This involved last week the sale of a block of 770,000 North American shares by the Harrison Williams controlling interests. This block has passed into the hands of bankers who will gradually liquidate it presumably on the market. Similar action may be taken by the controlling interests in United Corporation, which has large holdings in Public Service of New Jersey and United Gas Improvement. If this "unscrambling" leads to weakness in the utility share market, I would advise the long-term investor to pick up the leading shares for the "long pull."

* * *

When the Prevention of Fraud (Investments) Bill was introduced last July, there was a flutter in City and financial Press dovecots over Clause 9. This Clause made it an offence to induce another person to buy shares or commodities on the strength of statements which the writer or speaker "could reasonably be expected to know to be false, misleading or deceptive," or by means of promises or forecasts which he had "no reasonable ground for supposing to be likely to be fulfilled or verified." As a writer who on occasion recommends this or that investment, I welcomed the Clause in these columns as a salutary check to the "plugging" of worthless shares in the press, as well as in outside brokers' circulars. It was argued, however, in some quarters that the Clause would lead to malicious prosecutions and that it placed on an accused person—contrary to sound principles of criminal law—the onus of proving that his advice had been "reasonable." Thin arguments, in my view; but they have prevailed with the Government. The Bill now makes its reappearance in an amended form. It includes a new Clause giving the Registrar of Building Societies power to supervise the activities of delinquents (happily rare) in that generally solid and respectable field. The controversial ninth Clause, however, now Clause 10, is greatly weakened. The offence, as re-defined, is to be that of making "any statement, promise or forecast which he knows to be misleading, false or deceptive or the *reckless making* of any statement, promise or forecast which is misleading." The italics are mine. Unscrupulous financial tipsters can sleep soundly. It will tax the wits of the Director of Public Prosecutions to satisfy a court that advice was criminally reckless, and, save in cases of overt swindling, proof of "knowledge" of the probable future outcome of a "dud" issue will be hard to establish.

PROGRESS IN ELECTRICITY

There has been no more marked feature of the post-war period than the spreading use of electrical power. Since 1929 the pace of electrification has been strikingly accelerated; and in the eight years the annual output of electricity by authorised undertakings has more than doubled, rising from 10,294 million kwh. to 22,905 million kwh. last year. Not even the sharp reversal in the general trend of industry since the summer of 1937 has sufficed to arrest this expansion..... Not only does the industry seem to be relatively impervious to cyclical setbacks, it also has the opportunity, despite the rapid and extensive progress already made, to make equally great headway in the future.
The Economist, Sept. 17.h.

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CVS—44

Company Meeting

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS, LTD.

SIR JOHN C. W. REITH'S ADDRESS

The 14th ordinary general meeting of Imperial Airways, Ltd., was held on Nov. 14th at Hotel Victoria, London.

Sir John C. W. Reith, G.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D. (the chairman), in the course of his speech said: The company's agreements with the Government, based on the carriage of passengers, surcharged mail and freight, were due to expire between 1937 and 1939. The Empire Air Mail Scheme, accepted in principle in 1934, provided for the carriage of letter mail without surcharge. This involved a great increase in activities and an alteration in the relative amounts of mail, passenger, and freight traffic. The Empire Air Mail Agreement displaces other agreements for the operation of Empire services, leaving the European agreement to expire on March 31st, 1939.

Result of Year's Operations

The gross profit of £296,824 is less by £97,217 than that of the previous year. This decrease does not represent a fall in the gross revenue which for the year under review, including subsidy, amounted to the sum of £1,980,000 as compared with £1,729,000 for the previous year. The gross revenue per ton mile for the year 1937-38, however, at a figure of about 5s., compares with approximately 7s. for the previous year because of the decreased rate per ton of unsurcharged mail carried. Expenditure on the same ton mileage basis, but before charging obsolescence, was 1937-38, 3s. 10d.; 1936-37, 4s. 8d. The fall in net revenue per ton mile indicated above fully accounts for the decrease in net earnings.

The total amount available for Appropriations, Dividends, etc., after transfer of £60,000 from the previous year's carry forward to Dividend Fund is £103,185. From this sum the Board set aside £5,000 as provision for Taxation, £10,000 to Reserve for Contingencies, and they recommend the payment of a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. on the Ordinary shares of the company.

The European services have been operated under severe handicap. New aircraft were ordered in 1934, the first has only now been delivered. And that is why the European services did not expand; in the circumstances it was satisfactory to have carried the same number of passengers as in the previous year.

As a result of unsurcharged mail, more than twice the capacity was operated on the Africa route than in the previous year. Passenger traffic increased by 28 per cent., and mail loadings by 280 per cent. As to the India, Australia, and Far East services, only just over one month of unsurcharged air mail is covered, but during the year traffic from England to Karachi increased satisfactorily. Sixty per cent. more capacity was operated than in the previous year, and the same proportion of capacity offered was sold. Passenger traffic increased 48 per cent., and letter mail 75 per cent. The Bermuda-New York service, which is operated by the company and by Pan-American Airways, began on June 16th, 1937.

Long Range Services

During the summer of 1937, ten trips across the North Atlantic between Southampton, and New York, via Eire, Newfoundland, and Montreal, were carried out. In December Centaurus left Southampton on a flight to New Zealand and back. The arrangements for the establishment of a service between Australia and New Zealand are now nearing completion, and the services should start early next year.

Last year the satisfactory results obtained during individual trials of the two components of the Short-Mayo composite aircraft were mentioned. Since then the trials have been brought to a successful issue.

As mentioned earlier, European services have been severely handicapped by failure of delivery of aircraft ordered four years ago. The completion of the Empire Air Mail Scheme was delayed for the same reason.

Hitherto the company has bought only aircraft and engines designed and built by British manufacturers, but the difficulties in obtaining delivery in accordance with contractual terms may force the board to apply for permission to adopt some variation of this policy.

The Future

In conclusion, the chairman dealt with the Report of the Cadman Committee, and then read the Air Minister's announcement of last Friday regarding the proposed formation of a public corporation to acquire Imperial Airways and British Airways, and concluded by saying: At this stage there are only two observations to be made. The Minister referred to the need in this company as well as in British Airways for large additional capital for development purposes. This is a matter which has had the board's attention for some time and which, in view of the assistance given the company by way of Government subsidy, has necessarily been discussed with representatives of the Government. Apart from any other issues involved, any alternative to the Government's plan would entail either a great increase in ordinary share capital or the creation of shares with rights ranking in front of the existing shares.

The second comment is that the board, whatever its legal powers under the Articles of Association, will not agree to any price for the sale of the undertaking without calling another meeting of shareholders.

The report was adopted.

Company Meeting

BEECHAMS PILLS LIMITED

BENEFITS OF THE ENO ACQUISITION.

MR. PHILIP E. HILL'S ADDRESS.

An Extraordinary General Meeting of Beechams Pills Limited was held on November 10th at Hotel Victoria, London, W.C., to consider a resolution increasing the capital.

Mr. Philip E. Hill (the Chairman), who presided, said: The purpose of to-day's meeting is to increase the capital of this company by the creation of 4,000,000 Deferred shares of 2s. 6d. each, of which 2,500,000 are required for the purpose of exchange for the 4,000,000 5s. Ordinary shares of Eno Proprietaries Limited. The remaining 1,500,000 Deferred shares will remain unissued but will be available should any fresh developments arise. Your directors have no intention of issuing these shares at present. My colleagues and I are very satisfied with the terms of the acquisition of Enos, and I am confident that we shall benefit materially through Enos connections overseas and also from the economies which we are now effecting through the close working association now being established. The immediate benefit of the transaction will be considerable and the ultimate result should satisfy us all.

I should like to take advantage of this opportunity to say something with regard to the current year's trading. We could not, of course, expect entirely to escape the inevitable effect of the crisis upon the country's trade, particularly overseas, but we have suffered probably less than the majority of traders. Business is now definitely on the up grade, and we shall, I am sure, all be satisfied with the result of the year's trading and the dividend you will receive when the company's financial year ends. Talking of dividends, you will, of course, receive your second interim dividend in time to do your Christmas shopping.

The resolution was unanimously approved.

CO-OPERATIVE BANKING

The total resources of the C.W.S. Bank now exceed £109 millions; its annual turnover £770 millions; while the number of customers who avail themselves of co-operative banking facilities is over 114,000.

If you are interested call or write as below, when the fullest information will be supplied.

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A BACK WITH A VIEW. Over lovely gardens. Tennis. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25*s.*, bed b'fast; 37*s.* 6*d.*, part board. Also FLATLETS (unfurn.). Alcove basins. Kitchenettes, private baths from 18*s.* 6*d.* 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

EXCEPTIONALLY attractive double room, 30*s.* each part board. Also single room with private bath. Eight week sub-let, £2 2*s.* p.w. PRI. 6466.

HYDE PARK, 41 Cambridge Terrace, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5*s.* 6*d.* nightly with breakfast, from 23*s.* 6*d.* weekly.

DEAL, Kent. Send for photo of our sea view. Very good cooking. Single 3½, Double 5½ *gns.* LLOYD, 9 Castle Road.

W.C.1. One-roomed flatlets. Use kitchens. One has private kitchen. Mus. 8059 before 1 p.m.

BEAUTIFULLY appointed service rooms with baths and breakfast from 5*s.* 6*d.* per night. Double from 50*s.* per week. 29 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5. Flax. 1181.

HOLLAND PARK. Modern rooms with breakfast, 25*s.* Constant hot water. Quiet house. 1 min. Central London Tube. 19 Clarendon Road. Park 7016.

EDUCATED lady accepts paying guests in comfortable home (up-to-date heating, constant h.w., guests' room, garden, excellent cooking), near Royal Botanic Gardens. Frequent trains and buses to City, Richmond, Hampstead. Terms moderate. MRS. FISHER, 12 Mortlake Road, Kew Gdns. 'Phone: Richmond 0781.

IN Chelsea Cottage. Small bed-sitting room, with sole use sitting-room evenings and week-ends. Use kitchen, bath. 17*s.* Lady out all day only. Flax. 7281 before 10.

PLEASANT room offered cultured occupied lady return evening conversation. Write 73, Smith's Bookshop, Hendon.

EALING. Really comfortably furnished divan-sitting room, south room with green view, private house. Including electricity, baths, cleaning, 14*s.* 6*d.* Perivale 4520.

MARBLE ARCH, near. Exceptionally bright divan rooms, 17*s.* 6*d.* and 22*s.* 6*d.* PAD. 4101.

CROYDON lady takes paying guests; 5 mins. East Croydon Station; large garden, tennis, garages. Very moderate. Croydon 0853.

REGENT'S PARK, 17 Oval Road, N.W.1. Comfortable single divan rooms from 17*s.* 6*d.*, incl. baths.

BLOOMSBURY (close University). Bed-sitting room in private maisonette. Gas fires and rings. Bathroom, c.h.w. From 25*s.* Ter. 6088.

COUNTRY resident author wants rent quiet London room for work, preferably furnished, and with private entrance. Solitude essential. No meals. Quote rent to Box 3315.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

WE are just completing a small scheme of four-bedroom houses in a quiet central position at Welwyn. For sale at £1,075 and £1,175 and a few to rent from £92 p.a. If you think of living in this pleasant unspoiled town (only 30 mins. from King's Cross) send a card for particulars to N. S. WILLIAMS, Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Or 'phone Welwyn Garden 248.

FOR SALE. Charming six-roomed house, Cornish coast. Electric light power, radiators, h. and c. bedrooms. £1,200 freehold or exchange similar country within 80 miles London, S. or W. Box 3362.

LOW, detached Georgian residence with historical associations. Situated close to main road, standing back behind small public garden within 5 minutes of Stamford Brook Station; 3 sitting rooms, 4 bed., bath, large kitchen and appurtenances and charming old-world garden. To let furnished for six months or more for 6 *gns.* weekly. Box 3326.

HAMPSTEAD. To let: tiny Queen Anne house. Four rooms, kitchen, bath, power, constant hot water. £115 p.a. inc. Close Heath and Tube. 4 Holly Bush Hill. Ham. 5566.

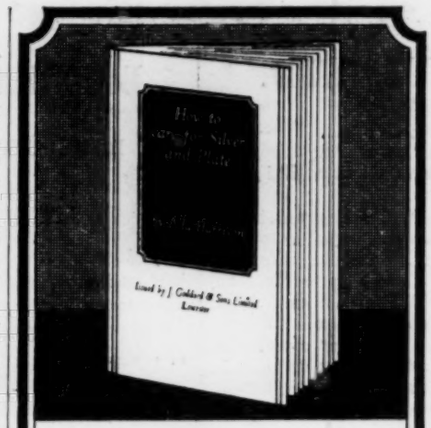
OLD HAMPSTEAD. Tiny Jacobean house. Double bedroom, dining room, oak floor, studio 23 ft. 11, kitchen, tiled bathroom, two lavatories. Central heating. Freehold, £1,950. Box 3333.

SOUTH of France, near Toulon. To let furnished, for six months or more, charming old Provencale cottage, on mountainside. Lovely scenery and fine air. Three bedrooms, dressing room (2 double, 1 single bed), 2 sitting rooms and kitchen; large cellar, outside sanitation (modern w.c.). Garage. 30*s.* per week. Box 3327.

QUIET, attractive four-room flat to let, furnished or unfurnished, on Campden Hill. Blüthner piano. Ring WES. 5339 before 9.30 a.m. for details.

WANTED, 4-roomed cottage 40 miles London. 5*s.* p.w. Box 3325.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 849



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AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

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OUT-OF-WORKS may join free Community Home. Lady Margaret's, Doddington, Kent.

GERMAN for Beginners, Readers of Poetry, Scientists. Write DR. WALDE, 167 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

LEFT-WING graduate on leave from India, January to June, wants suggestions how to serve peace and progress. Apply Box 3209.

FOREST and Sea. Writer, artist or professional, wanted to share quiet, well-appointed house. Own study if required. NISBET, "Sherwood," Barton-on-Sea, Hants.

BABY (girl), under one month, wanted for adoption Good physical and mental heredity essential. Write P. DOBBS, 135 Harley Street, W.1.

AU PAIR. Girl wanted to live in small Bayswater flat with young couple; help with housekeeping and management of two-year-old child. Plenty of spare time. Box 3371 or Tel.: Bay. 5939.

WOULD solicitor give legal advice to woman of Left, in dreadful muddle [Sussex]? Box 3361.

SEE "Holiday Suggestions" page 849 for particulars of Christmas Ski-ing Party at Sedrun.

YOUNG woman, keen anthropologist and linguist (Cambridge graduate), with knowledge of Russian, French and German, now employed in University research, would accept interesting work irrespective of salary. Box 3366.

JIG-SAW Puzzle Library. Borrow puzzles from WM. DOUGLAS, 237 Baker Street. Welbeck 4982.

BUSINESS girl wishes share her attractive flat with another. 'Phone: Hampstead 2889 before 9.30 a.m., after 6.30 p.m.

THE days draw in—past fragrant memories throng: While we "draw in" the fragrance of TOM LONG.

IF you have lunch on the first floor of the Cheddar Roast you can see large copies of ANTHONY PANTING'S Christmas card photographs. Afterwards you can buy them at Heal's or the Challenge Bookshop at 4*d.* each or 2*s.* 6*d.* the set of 8. If you want your portrait before Christmas, please come as soon as you can to 5 Paddington Street or telephone WEL. 4950.

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WANTED, partner Riviera visit, middle-aged lady, free association, inexpensive, fifty-fifty. MRS. FINNIMORE, Kempsey, Bath Road, Bournemouth.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30th.
DANCE IN AID OF THE
CECILE BOOYSEN CLINIC
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From Nine till Two. Bar. Tickets 5/- or 5 for £1, from TESSA VAN SOMEREN, 25 Whitehall Park, N.19, or at the door.

AID SPAIN. DANCE WITH
FABIAN NURSERY, SUFFOLK GALLERIES,
Suffolk Street, W.1. Eight till One, Friday, November 25th. Spanish dances, bar. 2*s.* 6*d.*

APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

The Civil Service Commissioners announce a vacancy for an Assistant Director of Examinations in their Department. The post will be filled by competitive interview held at the Civil Service Commission on Tuesday, December 20th, 1938. Application for interview must be made by Thursday, December 1st, 1938, on a form which can be obtained, with full information, from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1.

The post is open to both sexes. Candidates must be between 24 and 30 years of age on December 1st, 1938. They should be university graduates with honours in mathematics, preferably first class. Some knowledge of physics or engineering would be of value. Experience in teaching is also a valuable qualification.

For men the present scale of salary begins at £335 a year and rises by annual increments to £850. For women the present scale begins at £335 and rises to £685. The usual superannuation rules of the Civil Service are applicable.

APPLICATIONS are invited to fill a vacancy for MALE INSPECTOR, Children's Branch, Home Office. The duties include the inspection of approved schools, remand homes, voluntary homes and other work relating to young offenders.

Candidates must be under 35 years of age and have had a good education. University qualifications will be taken into consideration. Social work amongst young people and special knowledge, e.g. of craft training, etc., will be regarded as additional useful experience.

The scale of salary is £400 x £18–£634 x £30–£1,000, with an efficiency bar at £634.

Applications with full particulars of qualifications and recent testimonials should be sent to the Chief Inspector, Children's Branch, Home Office, Whitehall, not later than November 30th, 1938.

Candidates who applied for the vacancy advertised in February last and who wish to be considered for the present appointment should notify the fact but need not submit a further application.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

NURSES' HOSTEL—WARDEN AND ASSISTANT WARDEN

Applications are invited from women of good education, appearance and personality to act as resident Warden (salary £150 a year–£10–£200) and Assistant Warden (salary £100–£10–£150) at Hammersmith House, a newly-erected and newly-equipped Hostel for the nurses of the Hammersmith Hospital, London, W. The positions are pensionable, and the residential emoluments will be valued for this purpose at £102 10s. a year.

The Warden and her assistant will be required to supervise the welfare of the nurses, to assist in the organisation of social functions in the Hostel and to interest themselves in the recreational activities and social life of the staff generally. They will act as President and Vice-President respectively of a nurses' welfare committee. They should be interested in, and sympathetic towards, the modern aspirations of the younger members of the nursing staff.

Candidates are not required to possess any nursing qualifications, but qualification or experience in housekeeping and household management is desirable. Experience in games and other recreations would be an advantage. Candidates must be between the ages of 30 and 45 years. Married women are normally ineligible.

Forms of application (returnable by November 28th) and further particulars from the Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. Canvassing disqualifies.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

CHAIR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

The Council of the University invites applications for the Chair of English Language and Literature, vacant by the retirement of Professor A. M. D. Hughes.

The stipend offered is £1,000 a year.

Twenty copies of applications, which should be accompanied by copies of not more than three testimonials, together with references or other credentials, should be forwarded to the undersigned, to reach him not later than January 31st, 1939.

The Council reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation.

It is desirable that the selected candidate should enter upon his duties on October 1st, 1939.

Further particulars may be obtained from

The University, Birmingham. C. G. BURTON, Secretary.

November, 1938.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

CHAIR OF GERMAN.

The Council of the University invites applications for the Chair of German, vacant by the retirement of Professor F. E. Sandbach.

The stipend offered is £1,000 a year.

Twenty copies of applications, which should be accompanied by copies of not more than three testimonials, together with references or other credentials, should be forwarded to the undersigned, to reach him not later than January 31st, 1939.

The Council reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation.

It is desirable that the selected candidate should enter upon his duties on October 1st, 1939.

Further particulars may be obtained from

The University, Birmingham. C. G. BURTON, Secretary.

November, 1938.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Senate invite applications for the Fielden Chair of French Language and Literature tenable at University College. Salary £1,000 a year. Applications (twelve copies) must be received not later than first post on January 16th, 1939, by the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1, from whom further particulars should be obtained.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The CREIGHTON LECTURE, entitled "CHARLES LEWIS, ELECTOR PALATINE, 1617–1680," will be given by DR. J. H. CLAPHAM, C.B.E., F.B.A. (Vice-Provost of King's College, and Emeritus Professor of Economic History in the University of Cambridge) at THE UNIVERSITY: THE SENATE HOUSE (entrance from Russell Square or Malet Street, W.C.1) on TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by Professor R. H. Tawney, Litt.D., B.A. (Professor of Economic History in the University). ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, November 20th, at 11 a.m., MRS. FLEMMING: "ETHICAL RELIGION IN TIMES OF GLOOM." 6.30 p.m., MR. BLACKHAM: "THE NECESSITY OF HATRED."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, November 20th, at 11 a.m., PROFESSOR G. W. KEETON, M.A., LL.D.: "THE ENGLISH TRADITION." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

DR. MAURICE BONN will speak on "THE PASSING OF EMPIRE" at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Tuesday next, the 22nd inst., at 7 p.m. Admission free.

F.P.S.I. Philosophy Group. PROFESSOR SUSAN STEBBING on "DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM." Wed., Nov. 23rd, at 8 p.m., North Room, Conway Hall. Admission free. Non-members invited.

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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVI. No. 405 (New Series) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1938 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE post-Munich tactics of the axis are sufficiently clear. France is to be bullied by Italy and Britain by Germany, and a wedge driven between them if possible. The Duce, wanting British help in Spain and Abyssinia, rejoices in the Anglo-Italian Pact and pursues a vehement campaign against France, which is expected in usually well-informed circles to culminate in a demand for Tunisia and other French colonies. Meanwhile Ribbentrop is to sign a peace pact with France, while the German press is let loose in full spate against Britain. In Paris this week, an effort is being made to repair the British-French axis, badly damaged at Munich. Two main questions are under discussion. In regard to Spain, there is now too much opposition in France to make the speedy granting of belligerent rights to Franco practical politics, and the wave of strikes, particularly in the munition factories, are a political demonstration by the French workers against M. Bonnet's pro-Fascist policy. In regard to defence, Munich has posed new problems. Britain is making fighting rather than bombing planes, in part because Germany dislikes them less. France, now without certain allies in Eastern Europe and afraid of the vastly increased weight of a possible German offensive in the West, would like the guarantee of a greatly increased British expeditionary force. The British retort is that it may well be Britain rather than France which is next exposed to danger. What help could Britain expect from France?—The supposedly inadequate French air force? If the result is an *impasse* between the two democratic Powers, Berlin and Rome will have secured another success in the diplomatic game.

The Refugee Problem

Monday's debate in the House on the Jewish persecution showed all parties united in the desire that this country shall do its utmost to help the victims of the Nazi terror. But there may be some difference of opinion, at home and abroad, as to what that utmost should be. Mr. Noel Baker, in an impassioned and at the same time closely reasoned speech, argued that, though the problem was difficult, we could in concert with other States go far to solve it. The Prime Minister's statement was extremely cautious—except in one point. The suggestion that Tanganyika might provide an asylum for a number of Jewish refugees was a startling admission that his "appeasement" plans are in the waste paper basket; the Nazi press indeed has seized on it as a provocation. That may seem of small consequence at this moment, when the return of German colonies is ruled out of discussion. But the wisdom of planting a settlement of Jews in this mandated territory is open to very grave doubt. It would involve dangerous complications in the future for all concerned. Other possibilities, including British Guiana,